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ART. I.—*A History of the County of Brecknock, in two Volumes, Vol. I. containing the Chorography, general History, Religion, Laws, Customs, Manners, Language, and System of Agriculture used in that County. By Theophilus Jones, Deputy Registrar of the Archdeaconry of Brecon.* Brecknock, sold by Booth, 1805. 4to.

THIS work has remained so long unnoticed by us, that it is with shame we advert to the date of the title-page. It is hardly a sufficient excuse that we waited till its completion; since, had not others bestowed that attention on Mr. Jones's first appearance, which accident, rather than design, prevented us from giving, he might have wanted altogether that encouragement which he amply deserves, and without which he would perhaps have proceeded languidly, if at all, in the execution of his very extensive and laborious design. A respectable list of subscribers is, indeed, annexed to the work, probably (we hope, positively) more than sufficient to answer all the expense of the undertaking, considerable as it must be; but so great a devotion of time and talent deserves a much more ample recompense from the public, and, small as may be the extent of our influence, we are yet displeased at ourselves for not giving to the undoubted claims of the author that degree of publicity which it is in our power to furnish.

There is, however, another motive which has more substantially operated in causing our neglect, than the incomplete state of the work would have done; a motive, which has certainly prevented us from noticing other works of the same description,* peculiarly deserving of the public attention.

* This may be instanced, once for all, in Mr. Whitaker's Histories of "Whalley," and of "Craven," works which we estimate in the highest rank of topographical merit, but the latest of which has now been for five years in the possession of the public.

When a writer has bestowed on one particular subject the whole of his time and labour, for many years of his life, it always appears to imply some degree of arrogance and presumption in those who cannot possibly have examined the subject with the same degree of painful accuracy, to pretend to be his judges and censors. This, in the course of our duty as reviewers, we are often called upon to do; and the spirit of candour will generally attribute to our animadversions the motives which have suggested them, and the character which they are designed to support. For instance, a reviewer may be a good and sound mathematician; he certainly ought to be so before he pretends to notice a single treatise, however inconsiderable, on a mathematical subject. But if the works of a great and experienced master in the science pass under his inspection, his office is, generally speaking, reduced to that of laying before the public a plain and succinct view of the nature of the work, and of the points intended to be proved. He is not, indeed, forbidden—his duty, on the contrary, enjoins him, to give his opinion as to any matter in which it appears to him that there is a deficiency of proof or an error of calculation or reasoning; for, such is human nature, that the greatest and wisest among us sometimes commit errors which are liable to the detection of those who are greatly our inferiors in wisdom and understanding. But these objections, and these sentiments, are to be delivered, (in the case we are supposing) not with the authority of a judge, but with the modesty of a patient inquirer, zealous to attain truth himself, and to communicate it to others.

It is, therefore, only false modesty and affected humility which would deter a professed critic from noticing and commenting upon a work which, however conscious of his inability to equal it, it is open to him, with the whole world, to read, and understand. But the question becomes somewhat different as to works of a local and peculiar interest; and it would be necessary for the authors of a review to hold communication and correspondence with residents, not only in every county, but in every parish of the kingdom, in order to dispute the assertions, controvert the facts, or become judges of the merits of a topographer. It is this consideration which has, perhaps, influenced us too much in passing over former works of this description without notice; and, although we do not now consider it as a sufficient justification of past neglect, it is still so far of weight, as to make us disclaim all pretension to judicial authority in our ensuing remarks upon the historian of Brecknock. His first volume, which embraces a large proportion of general history and antiquarian conjecture, may, indeed, afford room for a few

observations of a critical nature; but these (if any) will be suggested with all due humility to one whose opportunities for examination and inquiry have been so much greater. To this portion of the work we shall devote our exclusive attention for the present. The second and third volumes (for the author has exceeded his original promise) are likewise published, but they will become the subject of future notice.

The two first chapters will, by the professed antiquarian, be thought to demand much more of our attention than we, having respect rather to the general information of our readers, shall find room or inclination to bestow on them. The county of Brecknock, or Brecon, 'was anciently known by the name of Garthmathrin, or Garthmadrin, Fox-hill, or Fox-hold, from that species of vermin with which it is not improbable this country was much infested, when it was thinly inhabited, and before its cultivation could be far advanced.' This name, though gradually fallen into disuse, is to be found in a roll in the Augmentation Office, containing a list of the possessions of the last Stafford, duke of Buckingham, who was attainted in the reign of Henry VIII. 'Brecknockshire derives its present appellation from a prince or regulus of that county, of the name of Brychan, who ruled over it about the year of Christ 400, and died in 450 or thereabouts; from whom, Brechiniauc, Brechinawg, Brechiniog, and Brecheiniog, the Land of Brychan, according to different orthography, are derived. The English knew it by the more Saxon sound of Brecknock, before the time when Wales was divided into counties, under Henry VIII.

From this particular province, Mr. Jones extends his inquiries to Wales in general, for the purpose of ascertaining the ancient boundaries and divisions of the principality, with a reference to those of the lordship of Brecknock. Cymra (Wales), he tells us, was, from the earliest times on record, known by its present division of north and south, under the corresponding appellations Gwynedd, and Debeubarth or Dyfed; the two last words are the same in sense, though so different in sound, the terminations *barth* and *fed*, signifying equally region or land; and *dy*, being a corruption of *deheu*, on the right hand. South Wales, therefore, is known to the Welsh as 'the land on the right hand,' which in fact it is, to all those who, standing on the boundary line, turn (as all good christians ought to do) their faces towards the holy sepulchre.

We have here some charming specimens, in a note, of 'that erudite anatomizer of words and syllables,' Rowland Jones, who has immortalized himself by the attempt to derive from his native language those of the Greeks and Ro-

mans, as well as our own English. How delightful to all lovers of original conjecture must it be, to discover that they may safely lay their Scapulas aside, and rest satisfied with Pen-ux-y-gwyr-as, (the head over the lower people) as the legitimate source of the Grecian Panaxagoras! For the use of all future adventurers in this delectable science, we must give Rowland's recipe in the words of our friend, his name-sake.

"To reduce the Greek, Latin, English, and any other languages you please, into Welsh, dissect them, cut them across, backwards and forwards, transversely and longitudinally; then chop them up small as the cooks do parsley for sauce, and, thus minced, you may call them *celtic roots*."

The subdivision of South Wales into Dyfed (proper) and Syllwg, plunges Mr. Jones into the midst of two antiquarian disquisitions, from which no man yet has borne off the trophies of an undoubted victory. On the first of these questions we incline against Mr. Jones, though we will not say in favour of Dr. Whitaker, whose conjecture seems certainly to be somewhat fanciful. But, since the Romans called the natives of this province Silures, and not Sylvestres, and since Silures cannot by any refinement of etymological subtilty be supposed to be a *Roman* corruption of their own word Sylva, it seems to us a great deal more probable that Silures was a name latinized from the British, than that Syllwg has any affinity or connection whatever with Sylvestres. In other words, if Syllwg is a corruption of the Roman word Sylvestres, how comes it that in none of the Roman writers are these people called Sylvestres, but always Silures? This is to suppose an original corruption by the Welsh of Sylvestres into Syllwg, and then a re-corruption by the Romans of Syllwg into Silures.

On the second question we feel ourselves wholly incompetent to hazard an opinion. It relates to the boundaries of these subdivisions, Dyfed and Syllwg; and it appears to us as if there were no sufficient materials in existence on which a satisfactory decision can be formed. We shall only say, in this place, that Mr. Jones is of opinion with those who (against the supposition of Camden) think the county of Brecon to have been included within the boundary line on the side of Dyfed or Demetia.

Some of those who wish to support Camden's opinion, that Breconshire was part of Siluria, have said that Builth in that county was the ancient Bulleum Silurum; but it is the adjacent country or *hundred* of Builth only, which has been called Bualt, or Gwlad Fualt, the land of Boscage. The town, which is not of the highest antiquity, has always gone by the name of Llan-

fair, or Llanvair Yenhualt, Saint Mary's in Builth; and at this day, any one who says in the Welsh language, *Yr ydwyf'n byw ymhualt*, I live in Builth, is understood to mean that he lives in the country, and not in the town, of Builth.*

This reasoning, we imagine, not to be very conclusive, the question being less what the Britons meant by Builth, than what the Romans meant by Bulleum. And Bulleum certainly sounds much more like the name of a town than that of a district. According to the general analogy of Roman terminations, we should be apt to render the word Bulleum by 'the town inhabited by the men of Builth.' But on this important point every man must judge for himself. We do not pretend to say that Mr. Jones is wrong. We only prophesy that the world will never agree in a determination that he is right.

Leaving all further examination of these and other equally abstruse questions to those who are sanguine enough to entertain a stronger notion than ourselves, of our approximation to certainty in the solution of them, we shall inform the reader that, after conducting him with the precision of a most accurate surveyor round the present boundary-line of the county, Mr. Jones will present him, in the remainder of the chapter, with much valuable information respecting the 'population, principal rivers, mountains and valleys, soil, climate, and atmosphere,' of the little district which he describes. Under the second head, he makes some remarks to which we advert, on account of their justness and of the benevolent principle which appears to have suggested them. After giving his testimony to the truth of what Giraldus Cambrensis says of this county, that '*fluvialibus quoque piscibus abundat quos hinc Osca, inde Vaga, ministrat; Salmonibus etiam et Trutis utraque, sed plus illis Vaga, plus istis Osca, fecunda est;*' he proceeds, in language somewhat too fine, to extol the bounty of Providence, and arraign the selfish folly of man, which overlooks the blessings given, or prefers to their true enjoyment the gratification of some immediate and temporary interest. We shall not think of copying the whole of what Mr. Jones has offered on this subject to the consideration of his readers, but shall content ourselves with the selection of a short note which appears to contain the essence of all that is said in the text, in the simple proposal for the abolition of wears.

* I would not be understood here to quarrel with the rights of fisher: in the possession of individuals, which they are clearly and legally entitled to enjoy as freely and fully as any other species of property, but merely to submit it to the consideration

of the legislature, whether it would not be for the good of the community that all weirs should be abolished, and a satisfaction made to the proprietors by the inhabitants of the parishes in the neighbourhood through which the rivers run, empowering them, at the same time that the streams are free to all, under certain regulations, to punish those who may be detected in taking the fish with destructive nets or engines at improper seasons.'—*Note*, p. 17.

We shall not pursue the antiquarian discussion, with which the second chapter opens, concerning the route of Ostorius, the Roman general. Mr. Jones says, and says very truly, that 'the knowledge of the Welsh language is so absolutely necessary to a traveller among British antiquities, that without it he cannot take three steps without the risk of breaking his neck.' It does not, indeed, always preserve a man from that danger, of which we have sufficient evidence in the case of Mr. Jones's namesake above quoted; but we will at least evince our judgment to the extent of keeping out of the scrape altogether.

'Isca and Bannio,' says Horsely in his essay upon the chorographer of Ravenna, 'are doubtless Caerleon and Abergavenny.'

'Gently! gently, good sir,' says Mr. Jones, 'under Bannio I recognize the features of Ban, Bannau, Benni, and Venni, as I do also of Go-bannau, the lower or lesser Bannau or Veñni, in Gobannio, which has undergone a still further state of *disfiguration* in Jupannia, supposed to be Caerdiff, by Mr. Baxter of *happy conjecture* (as Mr. Harris, whether jocosely or seriously, I protest I am not able to discover, most happily calls him): Baxter, indeed, has bestowed upon us so much learning, so much Greek, so much Latin, and so much knowledge of the religions and languages of the Armenians, and the Egyptians, and the Teutones, and the Samothracians, &c. &c. and above all, has introduced so many happy conjectures to demonstrate that Caer ar daaf, abbreviated into Caerdaff and Cardiff, means Jupapania; (here the sly rogue has slyly interpolated two letters, to support his hypothesis), that I can scarcely prevail on myself to attempt to deprive him of the benefits of his great labour; and I am only comforted by the recollection that even if I fail, it is probable his Greek and Latin will be read, when my ephemeral lucubrations, and consequently the folly of this attack, will be forgotten. In justice, however, to Richard of Cirencester, and Stukeley his commentator, I cannot help agreeing with them that Caerdiff was, in all probability, Tibia Amnis; and to me it seems clear that *Caerdydd* (the main prop of Baxter's conjecture, from whence he would wish us to believe it was Jupiter's town) is a corruption long subsequent to the time of the Romans.'—p. 28. 29.

Non nostrum est tantas componere lites.

Even if we were hazardous enough to assert that Mr. Jones is (as we think he appears to be) right in most of his conjectures, and that those authors are wrong whose positions he has undertaken to confute, how can we tell that another Mr. Jones will not rise and laugh us to scorn for our imprudent admission? We are, at least, rather more cautious than Mr. Polwhele, who, by a most notable leap from South Wales into Cornwall, actually converts the *Magnis* of Antoninus (which is usually placed at or near 'Old Radnor) into the *Saint Agnes* of the western county, and finds correspondent stations for *Leucarum*, *Bomium*, *Nidus*, &c. &c. in the same division of the Itinerary.

Horsley comes in for his share of our author's ridicule, in having, with true christian zeal, transferred to the British Saint Julian the construction of the '*Julia Strata*,' which is not only evidently a Roman work, but attributed upon the strongest grounds of probability to Julius Frontinus. Mr. Jones is unquestionably accurate in reasoning upon the name. Had Julian been the founder of this work, it would have been termed *Juliana* and not *Julia Strata*. But where is Mr. Jones's own Latin, when he proposes *Sarn-Lleon* as the original of the *Via Helena*? He deduces it thus—*Sarn-Lleon*, —*Strata Leona*—*Strata*, or *Via, Helena*. But does he not remember that *Lleon* (*Leo*, the proper name of a man) would make *Leonina*, (not *Leona* which is no more a Latin than it is a Coptic idiom)—and then can the very fury of etymology have persuaded him that either *Leonina*, or his own *Leona*, has by any process whatever been metamorphosed into *Helena*? Mr. Jones has generally a good laugh on his side when discoursing on the conjectures of former adventurers; but, in this instance, unless we are much mistaken, his own common sense will allow the laugh to be turned against himself.

Dismissing, at length, the subject of Roman antiquities, this chapter brings us down, in historical deduction, through the several British reguli of this part of Wales, to the celebrated Brychan, who has communicated his name to the province which he governed. Marchell, the daughter of Tewdrig, king of Garthmadrin, having been sent by her father into Ireland to avoid a plague (it must be confessed there is no little improbability in this statement, though Mr. Jones admits it without reserve), became the object of admiration to an Irish prince, who afterwards returned with her to her native country; and Brychan was the issue of their union.

The third and fourth chapters continue the history to the conquest of Brecknock by Bernard Newmarch, in 1092. It cannot be expected of us to follow our indefatigable historian

through the lives and actions of all his thirty-four sons and daughters, or of their numerous and warlike descendants to the reign of the unhappy Bleddin ap Maenarch, in whom terminated the British dynasty. In this part of the work, it is enough to say that Mr. Jones has merited the praise of a faithful compiler from the various records of his country; and it is no small eulogy to add, that he has actually composed, out of such stiff and unpromising materials, a species of memoir by no means unproductive either of useful information or agreeable entertainment. We do not consider as the least deserving part of his labour, the occasional fragments which he has introduced from the works of the native bards. We only wish they had been much more numerous, and shall not be contented to withhold from our readers that which is selected from the poems of David ap Gwyllym. Mr. Jones says that the translation is nearly literal. It is accompanied by the original, for the satisfaction of Welsh scholars, and we have no doubt, from the apparent extensiveness of our author's learning in the language, that what he says concerning it is perfectly correct.

† Wind of the sky of fleetest course,
 Of awful sound, who roamest abroad;
 Chilling champion of tremendous voice;
 The mighty one of the world, though without wings or feet;
 Most wonderful art thou; how marvellously extended thy
 circuit!
 When thou comest from the store-house of the firmament,
 thou art footless,
 And yet how swiftly dost thou fly
 At this hour over yonder hill!
 Declare to the constant theme of my song,
 The purpose of thy journey, thou northern blast of the vale.
 Oh my man! Hie thee from Uwchaeron,*
 With uninterrupted course and audible voice;
 Stop not, hesitate not,
 Fear not, little Crookback.†
 Thou who sweepst the high ground and scatterest the leaves;
 No one can question, none impede thee,
 No! not the willing host, or the arm of the leader,

* In Caerdiganshire. Ooh Gwr! This is a peculiarity of expression, which, though not improper in Welsh, will not bear translation.

† This was his rival, and unfortunately for him, the husband of his mistress Morfydd. It must be acknowledged that in these lines there is something of the anticlimax: the bard here *wantoneth* with the wind, and the greatest poets, when in love, must be allowed *desipere in loco*, Anglice to be sometimes very insipid. I omit the two next lines, as they seem to be totally unconnected, and to be thrust in, head and shoulders. In the two, beginning with 'Nwthid dwyn' ('Thou who sweepst,' &c.) the poet is himself again.

The bright sword, the torrent, or the rain.
Floods cannot overwhelm thee—no one can say to thee, De-
part hence!
Bonds cannot confine thee, thy course cannot be described by
angles:
The fury of man cannot destroy thee,
Nor can fire burn or stratagem mislead thee.
Thou lackest not the swiftness of the steed to convey thee,
Or bridge or boat to carry thee over the deep waters.
The officer cannot arrest, or the householder compel thy ap-
pearance
On a day certain; Oh thou that fannest the leaves on the tops
of the trees,
The eye cannot follow thee to thy distant couch.
And yet a thousand hear thee;* nest of the mighty rain!
Thou who vaultest along the firmament, of nature impetuous;
Who lightly springest over the forests:
Thou art the gift of God upon the face of the earth:
With roaring force thou breakest the tops of the oak;
Desiccating is thy quality, thou active created one
Of the starry sky: in thy wide excursions
Thou often dost blast the hopes of the rising dawn.
With thy loud voice thou scatterest the heaps of husks:
Thou art the fabricator of the tempest on the shores of the
ocean,
And sportest as a wanton o'er the beach.
Thou art the author of great sorrows,
Thou sower and pursuer of the leaves.
Ruler of the troubled waters, assailant of the mountain,
How resistless is thy force, travelling o'er the white-bosom'd
deep.
Thy flight expands over the whole face of the earth,
Gale of the mountain! Oh this night be fleet.—p. 57.

'The fatal battle of Morfa Rhuddlan, or Rhuddlan Marsh, in the vale of Clwyd, in Flintshire, where the confederated Welsh were totally defeated and their leader slain,' was fought in the year 796, between Offa, the famous Mercian tyrant, and Meredydd (Meredith) king of Dyfed. It is less known to the generality of readers as an historical event, than as the origin of one of the most beautiful of the ancient Welsh airs that have descended to our times. It is undoubtedly a plaintive and affecting melody; but Colonel Chabbert must have had ears of a peculiarly discriminating construction, if the anecdote here related of him be true.

* 'Nith y glaw mawr.' This epithet, uncouth as it may appear in the English language, is particularly happy in the Welsh. No Briton can hear it without rapture.'

'There is something,' says Mr. Jones, 'so peculiarly plaintive and elegiac in the notes of this composition, that I cannot resist the temptation of inserting it,* and to prove how well the sound conveys the language and sentiments of the bard upon this disastrous event, I need only mention that when it was first played upon the harp to the late Colonel Chabbert, (a Swiss gentleman, who came to reside in Breconshire) it brought tears into his eyes, *while he observed that he was sure it commemorated the defeat of a great army.*'

Mr. Chabbert must certainly have been the very Winckelman of music. We do not believe that the wonderful Master Crotch could ever have attained the faculty of judging what precise combination of quavers and minims must go to 'commemorate the defeat of a great army.'

In page 77, and elsewhere, Mr. Jones does not seem to be aware (of what we believe to be correct) that the appellations of *Danes* and *Normans* or *Northmen* are used indiscriminately by some of the old chroniclers, both Welsh and English, and refer to the same people. The Normans who settled in Neustria, and whose descendants afterwards effected the conquest of this island, were (as we have been accustomed to consider them) some of the same piratical squadrons that infested the coasts of England during the ninth and tenth centuries.

Bleddin ap Maenarch, the last British Lord of Brecknock, was brother-in-law to Rhys ap Tewdwr (Rees ap Tudor) prince of South Wales, whom he had greatly assisted in recovering his just inheritance from the children of a prince of North Wales, the usurper of it. But his possession, obtained with difficulty, was disturbed by rebellion; and one Einion (surnamed Fradwr, or the traitor), having failed in the object of a conspiracy against his sovereign fled for refuge to the court of Jestin, lord of Gwent and Glamorgan, whose enmity to the princes of South Wales, not less than the unprincipled atrocity of his character, enabled him to obtain a bloody and fatal revenge for the banishment which his crimes had imposed. Robert Fitzhamon (one of the Norman conquerors of England) was invited into Wales by the confederated villains, who, by his aid, obtained a victory over the unfortunate Rhys, accompanied by the destruction of himself and his army. He was killed immediately after the battle, as most of the authorities maintain, and a place in Glamorganshire

* It is inserted accordingly in the following page of Mr. Jones's history, as set by "the late celebrated blind Parry," in a different key from that generally adopted, and, as Mr. J. thinks, "much better suited to the subject."
—*REV.*

still bears the name of Pen Rhys (or Rhys's head) in commemoration of the supposed event. But Mr. Jones, who appears to have investigated these details with laudable diligence, and compared them with the observations made by himself on the topography of the country, inclines to the opinion of other chroniclers who assert that he escaped alive from the battle, and took refuge with his brother-in-law, the lord of Brecknock.

This event happened in the year 1091, and, the year following, allured by the success of his countrymen on the former occasion, Bernardus de novo Mercatu (or Bernard Newmarch) invaded Brecknock. In those days, disputes were generally terminated by the first appeal to arms. A single battle decided the fate of the lord of Garthmadryn, who was killed on the spot, and of his lordship, which became the property of the conqueror. Mr. Jones, with his usual assiduity, attempts to fix the precise spot of this engagement, and of its attendant circumstances; but in these details it would be superfluous in us to follow him, since so few of our readers could be interested in the result. He supposes that the death of Rhys ap Tewdwr was consequent upon this, and not upon the preceding affair. The descendants of Bleddin ap Maenarch still survive. His eldest son, Gwrgan, became the ancestor of several Welsh families now in existence; and, if Mr. Jones can vouch for the correctness of his genealogies, it is impossible to say whether, after the great and *just* Napoleon shall have completed the union of the western empire, by the reduction of these refractory islands, the high respect which we know he entertains for hereditary descent, may not induce him to restore the representative of the noble house of Wogan* to the lordship possessed by his forefathers. Perhaps his sense of justice may not even thus be satisfied; but he will compel the right heirs of prince Jestin ('several of whose posterity,' as Mr. Jones informs us, 'remain in Glamorganshire, boasting as an honour, that the blood of such a scoundrel continues to flow in their veins')—the right heirs of prince Jestin, we say, will be compelled to make over all their right, title, interest, property, profit, claim, and demand of, in, to, and out of the kingdoms of Glamorgan and Gwent, unto the said Ap Gwrgan ap Bleddin, by way of compensation for the injuries done him by their abominable ancestor. By means of which double act of justice, the aforesaid Ap Gwrgan ap Bleddin, without ever dreaming of such a thing,

* 'The Wogans of Pembrokeshire are descended from Gwrgan, eldest son of Bleddin ap Maenarch.' *Note to p. 90.*

will find himself suddenly invested with a little snug grand duchy, or perhaps kingdom, to the full as comfortable, and almost as extensive, as those of Baden or Wirtemberg.

We are loth to return from the anticipation of such pleasing prospects, to the tiresome narrative of facts. Bernard Newmarch did not enjoy in tranquillity the lordship which he had won by force; and, if we are to believe the Welsh historians, their native princes repaid with fourfold interest the obligation laid upon them by the Norman invaders. Mr. Jones, who seems to give a little too much credit to reports so natural to a vanquished people, wonders that 'these historians forget to give us any account how the Normans regained their authority.' He would have found many other occasions of wonder, if he had employed his usual industry in examining the statements of which he speaks. For instance, he might have stared a little at finding that Roger Montgomery, earl of Arundel, who is killed in due form by the Britons, while his immense army is *totally defeated* at a place called Gelli-gaer, not only died peaceably in his bed, a shaven monk, at Shrewsbury, but was *probably* never defeated by the Welsh in his life; his astonishment might have mounted still higher on discovering that William Fitz-Eustace, earl of Gloucester, (another victim to the rage of these valorous historians) not only did not lose his life on the same occasion, but, if he had, would have verified Lord Orford's fiction of *Prince Quiviriquimini** by the death of one who never was born; and in short, he might have been induced at last to reflect on a parallel to be found in the occurrences of our own days, and to believe the Welsh chroniclers no more than those employed by the supreme junta of Spain or by the ministry of Great Britain.

Certain it is, that notwithstanding Mr. Jones's wonder, and in spite of the temporary commotions which, we may reasonably suppose, disturbed the tranquillity of his government, Bernard Newmarch died possessed of the same, in the reign of Henry the First, having secured the forgiveness of heaven by founding the Benedictine priory of St. John the evangelist, within the walls of Brecon.

He married a Welsh princess of the name of Nest; an union not very honourable to his delicacy, since she was no better than the cast off mistress of Fleance, the son of Banquo. And here we cannot but notice another instance of the exclu-

* See Hor. Walpole's *Hieroglyphic Tales*—Tale the first. From Dugdale's *Baronage*, and the authorities to which he refers, the reader may be satisfied as to the accuracy of both our statements.—*Rev.*

sive attention bestowed by Mr. Jones on the native historians, since, in direct variance with the Scottish annalists, whom Shakspeare himself has accurately copied, he calls Banquo *king of Scotland*, and supposes Fleance to have been banished from his country *for murder*.

Mahel, the only son of Bernard Newmarch, did not succeed his father, being deprived of his inheritance by the intrigues of his wicked mother-in-law, this same British princess; who, as appears from Giraldus Cambrensis, procured evidence to the denial of his legitimacy. The next owner of the lordship was, accordingly, Milo Fitzwalter, the husband of Bernard's eldest daughter. This baron is well known as one of the most valiant defenders of queen Maud, who invested him with the earldom of Hereford, and the offices of constable of England, and governor of Gloucester Castle, the *dolorous tower* of romance.

The illegality of the Norman usurpations in *Wales* cannot, at this day, be questioned, whatever may be alleged in defence of the invasion of England. But even, by the Normans themselves, in the very hour of their unjust conquests, if we are to credit the testimony of a Welshman of the highest authority (Giraldus Cambrensis), it was reluctantly confessed that they had not 'the right' upon their side. To this effect a very singular anecdote is quoted, which may not be familiar to all our readers.

'Henry the First, being in conversation with this nobleman (Fitzwalter), Miles was informing *his majesty* of a strange circumstance that happened (or which he dreamt had happened) in his presence, while he was passing near Llangorse pool, in company with Griffith the son, of Rhys ap Tewdwr, the late prince of Wales: "upon the approach of the rightful prince (says Giraldus) the birds upon the lake joined in concert, and by the clapping of their wings, seemed to testify an universal joy."—"By the death of Christ," his usual oath, "it is no wonder *there is nothing strange in this* (says the king of England), for we have violently and injuriously oppressed that nation, as it is well known that they are the natural and original proprietors of the country."—*p.* 100.

It might have made a good chapter in 'Awbrey's Miscellanies on Apparitions, Magic, Charms, &c. &c. if he had referred to all the usurpers of ancient and modern days, who either have died childless, or whose lineage has been cut off before the third generation. Inordinate ambition has generally for a very principal, if not its chief, object, the aggrandisement of posterity, and it would hardly deserve the name of *superstitious*, to attribute to the peculiar vengeance

of Providence the numerous instances, which history presents, of the entire failure of that object which was the source and motive of the crime that has called down its indignation. Without looking back to Alexander, Julius, or Augustus, to Attila, Theodoric, or Odoacer, or forward to the probable, and almost certain, want of progeny in the present tyrant of Europe, we are naturally called by the subject of the book before us to the Norman conquerors both of Wales and England. And it is at least curious to observe that of all the attendants of duke William who were rewarded with the largest shares in their prince's conquests and favour, few, if any, were blessed with the great object of their vows, a long race of male descendants. The male line of the conqueror himself terminated with his sons. That of William Fitzosborn, earl of Hereford, ended, in like manner, with his. Ralph de Guader, earl of Norfolk, left no children. Hugh Lupus, earl of Chester, left one son who died without issue. Roger de Montgomery, earl of Arundel and Shrewsbury, shared the same fate with the conqueror, leaving three sons, who all died childless. Before the accession of Henry II. there was (we believe) no earl in England who claimed descent in the male line from those whom the conqueror established.

Among the invaders of Wales the same fatality, or the same judgment (call it which we will) is distinguishable. Fitzhamon left no male descendants. The only son of Newmarch was disinherited and died childless in all probability. And the great earl, of whom we have lately been speaking (the son of one of the conqueror's companions), though blest with a numerous progeny, out of which four sons* successively enjoyed his vast inheritance, had no descendants in the second generation, but in the female line.

Of the two daughters of Milo, Margaret brought into the family of Humphry de Bohun, her husband, the earldom of Hereford and constablership of England; and Philip de Breos, or de Brus, already lord of Builth by conquest, acquired, in right of the second daughter, Bertha, the lordship of Brecon, together with those of Abergavenny and Gower.

* Roger, Walter, Henry, and Mabel, the latter of whom (according to the churchmen, a monster of rapaciousness and cruelty—he seized upon some church lands of St. David's) died before 1176. To carry our examples further; the fate of Milo Fitzwalter with respect to his progeny was exactly similar to that of the great earl of Pembroke, William Marechal, whose cruelties in Ireland, a recently conquered country, might in like manner be supposed to have excited the vengeance of heaven. Of his five sons, all valiant and accomplished knights, and all surviving their father, not one left any issue male or female.

Here there occurs an evident defect in Mr. Jones's chronology, which must not be passed over in silence, although we are unable to rectify it.

'Of the expedition of this Philip de Breos into Wales,' says Mr. Jones in a note, 'and his conquest of Buith, we have no further account; but it is by no means improbable that he likewise accompanied Roger de Newburgh when he came to the assistance of Bernard Newmarch in 1098, or thereabouts, and that he was rewarded with the country of Buith after he had reduced the inhabitants to subjection.' p. 111.

Now this supposition a very little reflection would have enabled Mr. Jones to discover to be an impossible one. The expedition of Roger de Newburg took place in 1098; the acquisition of Brecknock, &c. by Philip de Breos in right of his wife could not have happened long before 1176, certainly after 1172. Again, in the next page, where this Philip de Breos is mentioned as 'one of those noblemen who adhered to the king against Robert Curthop duke of Normandy in 9 William Rufus' (1096) the same mistake is evident. There must, in short, have been one intervening descent at least between the Philip of 1096 and him of 1172; but whether one or more, and which of the Philips was the first possessor of Buith, we must leave it for Mr. Jones to ascertain.*

William, the son of Philip de Breos and Bertha Fitzwalter, succeeded to the united possessions of both his parents. His wife was a very celebrated character in her generation, and has been handed down with a curious mixture of truth and falsehood to succeeding ones.

'He married Maud, daughter of Reginald de St. Walleri, with whom he had the manor of Tetbury in Gloucestershire. This lady is the *Semiramis* of Brecknockshire. She is called in the pedigrees, as well as in king John's letter or manifesto, Maud de Haia, either from her having rebuilt this castle, or from its being principally the place of her residence; most likely for the former reason; for within the limits of the county of Brecon she is an *Ubiquarian*. Under the corrupted name of *Mol Walbee*, we have her castles on every eminence, and her feats are traditionally narrated in every parish; she built (say the gossips) the castle of Hay in one night; the stones† for which she carried

* Another singular instance of inattention occurs in this page. Mr. Jones, copying Dugdale without reflection, has these words, not by way of quotation: *St. Florence de Salmare, now commonly called Somars, in France*. All the world knows the proper name to be *Saumur*. The old heraldic writers are full of similar inaccuracies, but are surely not to be followed in them.

† 'A rude stone effigy in the church-yard of Hay is said to be Mol Walbee's, though I believe it to be a monk's, perhaps one of the priors of

in her apron: while she was thus employed, a *small pebble*, of about nine feet long and one foot thick, dropped into her shoe; this she did not at first regard, but in a short time finding it troublesome, she indignantly threw it over the river Wye, into Llowes church-yard in Radnorshire (about three miles off), where it remains to this day, precisely in the position it fell, a stubborn memorial of the *historical fact*, to the utter confusion of all sceptics and unbelievers.* It is very extraordinary what could have procured to Maud this more than mortal celebrity: she was no doubt a woman of masculine understanding and spirit, yet her exploits in Breconshire, where she is so famous, are not detailed either by history, or tradition, except in the absurd tale just related. King John, in his declaration against de Breos, seems to hint pretty clearly, that the gray mare was the better horse, and it is evident, whatever her merit was, that she had considerable influence and interest in the county, as her name, though corrupted, is familiar to every peasant, while her husband's is unknown, or known only to be detested. p. 112, 113.

We should be very glad, if it were in our power, to extract a great deal more from this part of Mr. Jones's history, concerning Mol Walbee and her henpecked rogue of a spouse. It is a tale full of murder and wickedness, and every thing that is entertaining and pleasant, and quite sufficient to refute the vulgar notion that our old baronial histories are involved in merited dust and cobwebs. We some time ago ventured to recommend all lovers of romance to consult the chronicles of our friend Froissart, and have no scruple in advising our fine gentlemen (who understand Latin) to consult Matthew Paris, William of Malmesbury, and the whole host of monkish chroniclers for the purpose of extracting agreeable anec-

Brecon, to which house, it has been seen, Newmarch gave the tithes of this parish. The fable of her carrying the stones and completing the castle of Hay in one night, perhaps means that she collected, or rather extorted, from her tenants a sum sufficient for the purpose in a very short time.

* 'There are those, who, blind to conviction, suppose this to be the burying place of an anchorite named Wechlen, who was miraculously taught to talk Latin *ungrammatically*, and to use the infinitive instead of the indicative mood; Giraldus Cambrensis, in his account of his life, gives us the language of this man of God thus: "I to go to Jerusalem, and the sepulchre of our Lord, and when to return I to place myself in solitude, for the love of my master, who to die for me," and much I to grieve because I not to understand the Latin tongue, and the mass, and the gospels in that language, and often to weep, and to pray to God to enable me to understand it: at length, one day, I to call my servant at meal-time, and not to find him, tired, and hungry, I to sleep," &c. &c. &c.—and so—and so—and so—and so—he awoke and talked in bad Latin, though it seems he understood the language as well as Cicero. It is dangerous to resist the strong current of tradition and popular opinion; for instance, in this case the tale of Maud and her pebble is full as likely to be true as that of the anchorite, and of course comes from an authority more ~~an~~ *unquestionably* if not better attested.'

dotes to please the ladies. Seriously, however, these neglected story-writers deserve to be much more familiar to the public than they yet have been, not only for the more solid information, but for the fund of amusement which they contain, in the delineation of the manners and characters of men.

But it is time that we should think of drawing our sketch of Mr. Jones's history to a conclusion.

'The honour of Brecknock with its dependencies, together with Abergavenny and the whole territory of Werwent, upon the attainder of the late baron de Breos, escheated to the crown.' Some parts of these possessions were thereupon granted by king John to his favourite Fitzherbert; but the weakness of the government enabled Giles, bishop of Hereford, eldest son of Breos, to seize himself of the rest, and gradually expelling Fitzherbert, to obtain possession of all the forfeited lands. We can only refer our readers for a great deal of curious information relating to this prelate and to two subsequent barons de Breos to the work before us, and acquaint them that on the death of a second William de Breos without male issue, the Welsh estates of the family became the property of Humphrey de Bohun VI. earl of Essex, who had married one of his daughters.

Humphrey was, next to Simon de Montfort, the most powerful of those barons to whom the courtiers thought proper to assign the title of rebels. He was closely leagued with his neighbour, the famous and unfortunate Llewellyn; nor are his professions of love for freedom to be altogether confounded with the views of ambition and self-interest; since he extended to those under subjection to himself the benefits which those professions claimed. To him 'the burgesses of Brecknock are indebted for their first charter of liberties and immunities now on record.' This *rebel* died before his father (Humphrey earl of Hereford, surnamed the Good); and in Humphrey the Seventh, his son, were at length reunited, together with the hereditary constablership of England, all the possessions and titles of Milo Fitzwalter. The last mentioned earl took at first a different part from his father. He adhered to the cause of Edward, and was very principally instrumental in the ultimate subjugation of Wales, against his father's old ally and friend. The interesting particulars here collected concerning the last defeat and death of that heroic prince would unfortunately lead us too far, did we attempt to give any analysis of or extract from them.

The revolution of circumstances, rather than a variety of disposition, appears to have caused the difference of conduct between the son and father. Humphrey the Seventh, in the

ensuing part of his life, had sufficient opportunity of evincing his equal zeal in the great cause of liberty and opposition to the encroachments of prerogative. He died at Pleshy, the old baronial residence of the earls of Essex, in 1298, and in him an old historian observes that 'England lost one of the best friends, as Edward did one of the severest checks, either had ever known.'

Humphrey the Eighth disgraced the memory of his independent ancestors by surrendering to the crown, 'by way of atonement for his father's conduct,' the inheritance of all his lands, with both his earldoms and the constableness of England; but upon his subsequent marriage with the lady Elizabeth (the seventh daughter of Edward the First) these valuable deposits were restored into his hands. Notwithstanding the act of degradation to which force or policy had made him in the first instance submit, he was a liberal benefactor to his numerous dependants, and not only confirmed in the most ample manner, but enlarged the privileges and immunities which his forefathers had granted. Nor did his connexion with the crown prevent him from acting a free and honourable part in the civil war which the folly of the second Edward and the pride of Gaveston rekindled throughout England. He was made prisoner at the battle of Bannockburn, having contributed to the royal army, from his county of Brecknock alone, a levy of eight hundred men. The weak and ungrateful king neglected to do any thing towards his release, which was, however, effected by the earl of Lancaster and his partizans among the barons. John, the son of Humphrey, succeeded his father; and the male line of this illustrious family terminated in a ninth Humphrey, the son and successor of John, who died in the year 1377. Upon his death, the earldoms of Essex and Northampton passed to Thomas of Woodstock (duke of Gloucester) in right of Eleanor his wife, the eldest daughter of the last earl; Mary, the younger daughter, inheriting that of Hereford, which, with the title of duke, was settled on Henry Bolingbroke, her husband. The reversion of Brecknock passed, in the same right, to Henry, dependent on the life of Joan, the countess dowager.

The history of Brecknock, thus become the property of the crown, is still interesting on account of two leading characters, in whose actions and disputes the interests of the county were deeply involved. These were the famous Owen Glendower (Glyndwrwy) and Sir David Gam, one the most powerful enemy, the other one of the most effective friends, to the rising fortunes of the house of Lancaster. Of both these characters, some very particular and very interesting biographical notices are communicated, to which, for the

reason before assigned, we can do no more than simply refer our readers.

The fifth and sixth chapters having been occupied by the preceding details from the conquest downwards, the seventh leads us through the descents of the Staffords, on whom (in virtue of their near relationship to the Bohuns) Brecknock, together with the greatest part of the family estates, were conferred by the munificence of the sovereign, to the final re-union of the county to the crown by confiscation pursuant on the attainder of the last duke of Buckingham in 1521.

We must here content ourselves with remarking that, in an entertaining and somewhat particular account of the usurpation of Richard the Third, and other events of that period, as connected with the life of duke Henry, Mr. Jones strongly defends the *historic doubts* of Carte and others—a cause, which (to the extent *at least* of Perkin Warbeck's identity with the Duke of York), has always appeared to us to be so firmly established in argument, that we are only surprised it has not, long ere now, been universally adopted among men of sense and sound inquiry.

This first volume contains yet three more chapters, on religion, laws, language, manners and customs. But our examination of these must be deferred to a future opportunity.

(To be continued.)

ART. II.—*A second Journey in Spain, in the Spring of 1809, from Lisbon through the western Skirts of the Sierra Morena, to Sevilla, Cordova, Grenada, Malaga, and Gibraltar, and thence to Tetuan and Tangiers. With Plates, containing 24 Figures illustrative of the Costume and Manners of the Inhabitants of several of the Spanish Provinces. By Robert Semple, Author of Observations on a Journey through Spain and Italy to Naples, and thence to Smyrna and Constantinople, in 1805; also of Walks and Sketches at the Cape of Good Hope; and of Charles Ellis.* London, Baldwin, 1809, 8vo. pp. 304. 8s.

OUR author left Falmouth on the 2d of January, 1809, in the packet for Lisbon. On the morning of the 29th he entered the Tagus. At this period, no certain information had been received in Lisbon of the retreat of Sir John Moore to Corunna, and of the death of that lamented officer. But the misfortunes of the British were known by vague rumour and flying reports before any authentic details were received. Mr. Semple describes with much force, and, we have no doubt, truth, the impressions which the state

of affairs had made on the public mind at Lisbon, and the general disposition of the people. The French were execrated for their exactions, and the English were not cordially liked, not only because they seemed, at this time, preparing to abandon the Portuguese to their fate, but principally because they had the imprudence to support the relics of a weak and oppressive government which had incurred the public detestation. The author remarks that the English lost more by maintaining a regency odious to the people, and by agreeing to the convention of Cintra, than they gained by the battle of Vimiera. Whilst the French were overturning old and corrupt establishments, we were endeavouring to bolster them up with all our strength.

'The natural consequence is, that the people of most countries execrate the French, but find it hard to condemn many of their measures; while, on the contrary, the English are very generally beloved, and their measures execrated.'

We may ascribe this effect to a feeble and inefficient administration.

The citizens in Lisbon were arming *in mass*, and the author gives a ludicrous description of the military appearance of the confused and ragged group, who were provided with such weapons as the occasion could furnish. This armed mob displayed their valour in putting to death some poor deserted Frenchman who was accidentally discovered; and Mr. Semple was present while their vengeance was directed against the servant of an English officer, who was murdered within one hundred yards of the English head quarters. Mr. S. says that, when the French were in Lisbon, they cleared the streets of the dogs with which they swarmed, and obliged the inhabitants to remove the heaps of filth which had been accumulating for years. But these nuisances had begun to reappear in their ancient excess. The author seems to think the Portuguese in such a state of mental decrepitude and moral corruption, that it is vain to think of reviving any thing like patriotic energy in the national character.

On the 5th of February, our traveller crossed the Tagus to Aldea Gallega, where he was struck by the sight of a band of one hundred pikemen, marching in columns with a most reverend friar moving in the front file. Hence he took the high road to Badajoz, which he reached on the 7th; but discovered no symptoms of any enthusiastic interest taken in the passing events by the people of the country which he traversed between Lisbon and Badajoz. Most travellers have remarked a difference in the features of national character between the

Spaniards and the Portuguese, and much in favour of the former people. This difference was felt by Mr. Semple. At Badajoz he was saluted as an *Englishman*, with more respect than he had experienced from our *good allies* the Portuguese.—‘The population of Badajoz is computed at about ten thousand souls.’

In his way from Badajoz to Santa Marta, our traveller met ‘a succession of parties of armed men, going to join the force collecting at Badajoz. They never failed to cheer me with repeated cries of “Viva l’Inglaterra!” which I of course returned with “Viva l’Espana!” At supper I could not but smile at the ingenuity with which I was furnished with three courses: bread chopped up with garlic, and dressed up like a salad, except that a great quantity of water was put into it, formed the first dish; eggs boiled hard and dressed with oil, garlic and tomatas, formed the second course; and eggs in the form of an omlet concluded the repast.’ About two leagues from Santa Marta the skirts of the Sierra Morena begin to rise into rugged heights. Mr. Semple gives a very pleasing account of the kind and respectful attention which he experienced at the different places at which he halted in this line of his route. A more friendly disposition was manifested towards the English nation than has been evinced in other parts of Spain.

At Monasterio our author ‘observed with pleasure the children repeating their prayers, and kissing their hands to their parents before retiring to bed.’ He remarks a resemblance between the manners and habits of the Scottish peasantry and those in many parts of Spain.

‘The dark caps of the peasants of Sierra Morena, the uniformity of their dress, many of their dishes, the interior arrangement of their houses, the domestic manners of their women, their looks, their air, their gravity, mixed with a dry humour, and an unfeigned spirit of piety, all tend to remind us of many of the most prominent features in the character of the Scottish peasantry.’

‘About half a league from Monasterio begins what is here considered as the entrance of the Sierra Morena; and a rude heap of stones surmounted by a cross warns the pious traveller to prepare, by prayers and recommendations to his peculiar saint, for his entrance into this once dreaded Sierra, the haunt of robbers and marauders.’

The author saw some parties of peasants employed in constructing batteries at three different spots, to guard the pass. It was supposed that the French would endeavour to penetrate by this road to Sevilla. The country between Monas-

terio and Santa Olalla is said to be admirably adapted for defence. Shortly after leaving Santa Olalla we reach the highest point of the ridge of the Sierra Morena,

'On the right of the road to the north-west, the hills tossed in great confusion, justify the name of Sierra, or Saw, which the Spaniards are so fond of applying to the ridges of their great mountains. Whilst contemplating them, I saw the rain descend upon them in dark showers, while I was in the sun-shine. This was a spot formerly much dreaded, and called El Puerto de los Ladrones, or the Pass of the Robbers: and certainly as being in the very heart of the Sierra, it may have formerly been a favourable spot for their depredations.'

After leaving Ronquillo, our traveller found bodies of peasantry occupied in

'breaking down the bridges over the ravines and small streams, and placing planks in their stead, which, in case of emergency, could be removed in a few minutes. Particular spots were also marked out for the erection of batteries, and every preparation seemed to be making for the defence of these passes, so strongly fortified by nature.'

After crossing the river Guerva, which is about two leagues from Truxillo, the expanded plains of Sevilla are beheld from the summit of the adjoining hills.

'From Santa Marta to this spot, the road may be said to be constantly through the Sierra Morena. The views in every direction are those of a mountainous country: the succession of passes, the peculiar race of people, simple, stout, and hardy, secluded among the mountains which border this road, the deep gullies, the rapid streams, the long descents, all tend to render it a tract which can never fail to be interesting to the traveller.'

Our traveller arrived at Sevilla, at one in the morning, after leaving La Venta de Guillena at eight. He was stopped at the floating-bridge, which crosses the Guadalquivir at Sevilla, and his passports were strictly examined. Though at the unseasonable hour of one in the morning, he was conducted to the sitting of the Junta, where he found one of the members ready to receive him. Mr. S. was asked a few questions, and then conducted to a Posada.

In the third chapter of this work our author has given us some account of the Merino sheep, from the *Viage de Espana* of Ponz, and of the *Mesta* from Surmiento. We read that while the flocks of Merino sheep are pastured in the mountains, where the grass is reputed less stimulant and nutritive,

'salt is given them at the rate of a bushel for every hundred head.' 'It is distributed to them every third day, broken into small lumps, on the ground where they are feeding, and they lick it with great avidity.'

Sevilla, which lies on the south-eastern bank of the Guadalquivir, is surrounded by a wall of Moorish fabric, though raised on Roman foundations, or constructed with the materials of Roman works. The whole exterior circuit of the wall is about three miles and a quarter. In some parts the line of wall is broken by the interposition of convents or the suburbs, which communicate with the surrounding plain.

'The suburbs are populous, and appear formerly to have been of much greater extent than at the present day; of which indeed we can have no doubt, when we consider the number of houses unoccupied, and the various waste spots of ground within, and close to the walls. The number of inhabitants is still however very considerable, and, including the suburbs, can hardly be reckoned at less than eighty thousand souls.'

The cathedral is the great ornament of Sevilla. It is a noble pile, erected on the ruins of the principal mosque in the time of the Moors. It is three hundred and eighty feet in length, and nearly two hundred and twenty in breadth. It is richly embellished with ornaments, but particularly with the fine paintings of Murillo. A large and valuable library is attached to the cathedral, which was founded by Fernando Colon, the son of Christoval Colon, or Christopher Columbus, the far-famed discoverer of America. The tower of Giralda, which was constructed by the Saracens, is the architectural wonder of Sevilla.

'It is a tower of about two hundred and sixty feet in height, each of the sides upwards of fifty feet in breadth, and surmounted by a female figure of bronze, carrying in one hand a palm branch, and in the other what appears either a shield or a standard. The weight of the whole is thirty-four quintals, yet it turns round, as the Sevillians tell you, with the slightest breeze. This tower was built by Gaber, the Moor, a native of Sevilla. The ascent to its summit is on the inside, and remarkably gradual, being from side to side on a slope, and without steps, so that a person may easily ascend upon horseback. I wished to approach the Giralda, but was informed that it was now considered dangerous to proceed higher than the bells, which are twenty-four in number, and some of considerable magnitude. From this height, however, there is a fine view of Sevilla and the surrounding country to a considerable distance.'

Small wooden crosses are fastened to the wall in some of

the streets of Sevilla, beneath which is a rude sketch of some murdered man, with an exhortation to the passenger to pray for his soul. From Sevilla our traveller agreed with a mulatree to take him to Cordoba, a mode of travelling which increased his facilities of observing the manners of the peasantry of Andalusia.

‘ My portmanteau was placed on one side of the back of a mule, and balanced on the other with a large bundle of bacalao, or salt fish. I rode upon an ass without a bridle, with my pistols, my cloak, and my leathern wine-bottle fastened to the pommel of my saddle.’

The whole procession consisted of five or six men, and nearly forty mules, and asses. Mr. Semple has exhibited a pleasing account of his journey from Sevilla to Cordoba, interspersed with some interesting sketches of the manners of the people. At the village of Posadas our traveller tells us that a better supper was prepared for him than he

‘ had met with since leaving Sevilla. Five or six rabbits were broiled upon the embers, then pulled to pieces, put into a large wooden bowl, and over all was poured hot water mixed with oil, vinegar, garlic, pimento, and salt. As usual we all sat down together, a large leathern bottle, holding about three quarts, was filled with tolerable wine, and being entrusted to one of our company to act as our Ganymede, the repast began. For some time hunger prevented all conversation, but our cup-bearer performed his office with such dexterity, that before supper was finished, our bottle was emptied, and the Andalusian peasant began to shew himself in all his vivacity. It was voted unanimously that the bottle should be replenished. They talked loud, they laughed, they sang, they cursed the French, and swore that even should all the rest of Spain be overrun, Andalusia was sufficient to protect itself from every invader. On a sudden a fierce quarrel arose; high words passed, knives were drawn, and I expected to see our supper end in bloodshed; when the hostess, after various vain attempts to allay the storm, began to repeat the evening service to the Virgin. Immediately all was calm, the knives were sheathed, all hats were off, and at each pause the whole assembly murmured forth the response, and devoutly made the sign of the cross. As often as the quarrel seemed likely to be renewed, the good woman had recourse to the same expedient, and always with the same success,’ &c.

The above extract places the influence of Spanish superstition in a pleasing point of view.—That superstition which is embellished with the pageantry of the Roman Catholic worship, which is admirably adapted to act like a charm on weak and ignorant minds, and combined with so many interesting ap-

peals to the hopes and fears of man, operates in different ways on the happiness of the people, and is at the same time productive both of good and evil, of mischief and of benefit. It invigorates devotion by means of agreeable or of solemn impressions on the senses; it often makes its way to the heart, by captivating at once both the eye and the ear. The supposed presence or consciousness of so many spirits or saints, who are interested in the welfare of the pious catholic, however ridiculous it may seem to the sceptical observer, must certainly be found a source of solace and of confidence by the fervid devotee. Unmixed good, or unmixed evil, is seldom to be found in life. Both are usually qualified by associated accidents. The good is reduced by a mixture of evil, and the evil attenuated by some infusion of good. What is thought evil by the philosophic sage is often found a benefit of no common kind by the unreflecting peasant. But while the Spanish peasant is often cheered and comforted by the sumptuous rites, the imposing forms, or the varied blandishments of the superstition to which he fondly clings,—he finds in it at the same time, a check on his industry, or a deduction from his little and hard-earned gains. The last marevedi is often extorted from the credulous peasant, by the supplication of some holy mendicant for ‘*las animas*,’ ‘the souls.’—But even here some purer sentiment is excited by the act; for the contributor probably imagines that he is rescuing some deceased friend or relative from the flames of purgatory.

In a part of the way, which was very destitute of water, our traveller saw a peasant girl by the road side selling that precious commodity. A Spanish soldier had just drunk a goblet, and Mr. Semple, after doing the same, was proceeding to pay for it, when the girl informed him that the *Senor* who had just passed on had paid for him.

‘This is a custom very common among all ranks in Spain, towards those whom they perceive to be strangers; it is meant to give an exalted idea of the generosity and magnificence of the Spanish character; and the traveller will sometimes be surprised to find his dinner paid for at a public table, by some unknown, who has left the house, whom he most probably will never see again, and whose very name is concealed from him.’

Near the town of Almodovar, Mr. Semple says,

‘I made a halt on the top of a rock near an old tower, and contemplated our caravan, which formed a long winding line, climbing in one part and descending in another, here concealed by trees and rocks, and there slowly moving past the openings. The jingling of the bells of the mules, the cries of the carriers, and sometimes their songs, now echoed among the rocks, and

now were lost in the hollows, and followed by a perfect silence.

This reminds us of some of the specimens of local portraiture in the novels of Mrs. Radcliffe; into which the animation of real life is always infused, and which thus powerfully seizes the feelings of the reader.

Cordoba, or, as it is commonly written, Cordova, which had the honour of giving birth to Seneca and Lucan, was the metropolis of the Moorish empire in Spain. But its prosperity has since yielded to that of Sevilla, which is more conveniently situated for the purposes of trade. The principal object of curiosity in Cordoba is the chathedral, which is highly interesting, from the specimens which it affords of the Arabian taste in architecture. The city is supplied with water by means of very ancient conduits, into which it is poured from the fine springs which arise in that branch of the Sierra Morena which is extended to the north of Cordoba. Some of these conduits are preserved in their original state, others have been repaired, and others are in a state of decay, notwithstanding the stability of the original structure.

In his route from Cordoba to Granada, through Castro, Baena, Alcaudete, Alcalá la Reale, and Pinos de la Puente, he found the people at the different places where he stopped, apparently taking a considerable interest in the state of public affairs, and exhibiting an agreeable contrast to the indifference which was so chillingly felt in many other parts of the peninsula. When the author told the people at Castro, who were assembled in great numbers at the post-house to learn the news, that the Gallicians had acted hostilely to the English army, and had given up Corunna and Ferrol to the French, there was a general exclamation of 'Malditos sean los Gallagos!' or, 'curse the Gallicians!' After leaving Castro the author met a motley assemblage of at least twelve hundred men and boys, who had been drafted for the army, agreeably to a decree of the junta,

'Some were old men with gray hairs, riding on asses; others striplings under fourteen years of age, playing with each other as they went along the road.'

On approaching Alcaudete the author saw,

'for the first time, living monuments of Moorish industry, in the art of irrigation, the water running on both sides of the road in open conduits, and being from them distributed in innumerable channels through the surrounding fields and plantations.'

'From Alcaudete to Alcalá the road continues to rise; and about half a league from the latter we have the first view of the Sierra

Nevada, or snowy mountains of Granada. Ascending from the bottom of the valley, scorched with heat, this snow-covered Sierra appeared to me at first like a beautiful cloud of dazzling white, far above the summits of the hills; and it was not until I continued to ascend the outlines of waving ridges and lofty peaks, become more sharp and defined, that I could persuade myself that what I saw was any thing more than a mass of clouds. There was in these white ridges towering high above all the neighbouring hills, something desolate, mixed with the sublimity of their appearance. It was evident that no living creature could inhabit there; they must be the abode of perpetual silence and death; and it appeared that even the fowls of heaven, as in crossing the ocean, might perish in attempting to traverse these wastes of snow.

The office of the inquisition is still preserved at Granada, but on procuring admission into the dread abode, the author tells us that he found 'the chair of the grand inquisitor most pleasingly covered with dust.' We shall not repeat Mr. Semple's description of the famous Alhambra, the grandest display of Moorish architecture in Europe, but which Mr. S. says disappointed his expectations. 'It appears to me,' says he, 'an immense collection of littlenesses; the effect produced is sometimes elegant, often beautiful, but no where elevated, simple, or sublime.' We were much pleased to be informed by our traveller, that the patriotic spirit is very powerfully operative in Granada, and that, 'since the commencement of the war with France, thirty thousand men fully armed and accoutered, had been sent out of this city.' Mr. S. considers Granada as the last part of Spain that will ever submit to a foreign yoke.

In the ninth chapter Mr. Semple gives a pleasing account of his ascent to the Sierra Nevada. He was accompanied by a young Spaniard as his guide. He left Granada at eleven o'clock, and at sun-set 'arrived at the cortijo de San Geronimo, or the farm of the friars of Saint Jerome.' This cortijo was a small house inhabited by a single female of decent appearance, with a rude Spanish herdsman for her sole companion, except during a part of the summer, when a reverend father of the convent retired to this wild region for the purpose of holy meditation. Our traveller rose by dawn of day, and set out as soon as the shadow of the peak became visible on the snow in the west; the path was intersected by deep chasms at the distance of every five or six hundred yards. Having arrived where all traces of vegetation were lost beneath the snow, which extended in every direction to the summit of the peak, his guide refused to proceed any farther. Our traveller pursued his laborious and hazardous way along a ridge to its junction with the highest part of the peak, which was

covered with frozen snow, up which he clambered a few paces, when the sensation of danger compelled him to desist. 'The peak is said to be upwards of nine thousand feet above the level of the sea, and nearly seven thousand above the city of Granada.'

The author admired the views which he enjoyed during his descent from the peak.

'The views,' says he, 'of the plain of Granada were charming, seen through the openings of mountains, or over successive ridges of unequal heights, one below another.' 'In the summer the whole Sierra is full of shepherds and their flocks, hunters and parties of pleasure. It is then possible to ascend the highest peak, and the view from it must rank among the finest on the globe. The mountaineers assured me, that in a fine clear morning the high land on the Barbary shore was visible, which is perfectly credible, the Mediterranean not being in the intervening space above eighty or ninety miles in breadth.'

The author thinks Granada superior in attractions to any town which he has seen in Spain. He says that the climate is cooler, and more congenial to English habits than in the plains. After leaving Granada, Mr. Semple proceeded through Alhama and Velez, to Malaga. He seems to have found the greater part of the country through which he passed well cultivated, and the system of irrigation which was practised by the Moors still preserved. At Malaga our traveller met some English gentlemen, with three of whom he crossed over to the coast of Barbary. They landed at Ceuta, visited Tetuan and Tangiers, but were prevented from proceeding to Fez by the turbulent state of the interior. The author notices a striking similarity between the customs of the Spaniards and the Moors.

'Their houses are formed upon the same model; the Spanish cookery is decidedly Moorish. The peasantry of both carry muskets and dirks, and in travelling go always armed; wear a red sash round the middle, one end of which serves as a purse, and use the same kind of saddle, stirrups, and bridle. The agriculture on both sides is the same; the form of the plough and the mode of ploughing; their cars with heavy wheels of one solid piece of wood; and their chopped straw brought to market in nets, upon the backs of mules and asses, when we behold them in Barbary, almost make us think ourselves in Spain.'

At the end of this work we have twenty-four different figures, representing the costume of the inhabitants of several of the Spanish provinces. Most of these are executed with great spirit and elegance, and are a real ornament to the volume. These travels will amply repay the perusal.

ART. III.—*Essay on Sepulchres; or, a Proposal for erecting some Memorial of the illustrious Dead in all Ages on the Spot where their Remains have been interred.*
By William Godwin. London, Miller, 1809, 12mo. pp. 116.

A LITTLE more than three years ago we rambled accidentally into Pancras church-yard, when our attention was suddenly attracted by a tomb, in the structure of which, solidity seemed to have been principally studied. On examining the inscription we found it was erected to the memory of the first wife of the author of this ingenious and feeling essay—the celebrated Mary Woolstonecroft. We paused for some time at the spot, and our sensations, as far as we now recollect them, were those of regret for the premature end of the deceased, and of respect for the disposition of the person who had raised this visible token of his regard for her memory, on the spot where her ashes are at rest. We had no knowledge of Mary Woolstonecroft Godwin, and there were many of her opinions in which we could not coincide; but we have read her Letters to Imlay; and we think that she experienced unmerited neglect from that selfish and cold-blooded American. Those persons who are fond of reading letters which come from the heart would do well to read these; and though objections may be made to particular passages, yet they evince on the whole a warmth and tenderness of regard, a devoted and disinterested attachment, which have not been often equalled even in the annals of romance.

When we first took up the present performance, the little incident above mentioned occurred to our recollection; and it struck us that Mr. Godwin was by no means ill qualified to write an *Essay on Sepulchres*; nor have our expectations been disappointed by the perusal. We have found in it many just and natural sentiments forcibly expressed. Whether the reader approve or disapprove the plan which Mr. Godwin has proposed for perpetuating the memorial of the place where the illustrious dead of all ages have been interred, we are persuaded that there are some passages in the essay itself which will powerfully interest his sympathies.

Who is there among us that can be indifferent to the spot where the ashes of genius and worth repose? When we visit the tombs of any of the great names in ancient or more recent times, how many sensations at once throng into the heart? How many associated ideas are excited in the mind? The life, the fortunes, the sentiments, transactions, and character of the individual, the times in which he lived, the part

which he acted in the drama of existence, are portrayed before us; and for a moment we are carried out of ourselves, and become absorbed in the interests of other persons and other times. Who is there with a mind which has received any portion of culture, who can remain insensate when he treads on the spot beneath which a Shakspeare or a Milton, a Locke or a Newton is laid? If the beholder possess one spark of sensibility it will be elicited, it will take fire; his nerves will experience a glow of sensation which they would not feel in another place. The man of a cold temperament, of a dull mind, and a hard heart, may deride this as ridiculous, or call it affectation. He has no sensibilities suited to the occasion. He is like a deaf man to whom we play one of Handel's odes, or a blind man whom we summon to admire the sun by day, or the moon by night. If the feeling of vivid admiration or regret, which seems to be breathed from the tomb of departed genius or worth, if the enthusiastic glow which is kindled by the proximity of the sepulchre of some distinguished poet, orator, or philosopher be termed visionary—then what is there which is real or agreeable to truth in any of the more impassioned sentiments of the mind or emotions of the heart? Common experience proves the universality of the feeling, and the universality shows it to originate in some principle which is common to the nature of man. The idea of the personality of the deceased will always, with more or less vivacity, adhere to the spot where they have been interred. And the effect will be increased or diminished in proportion as the genius or worth of the individual was more or less resplendent, or his history accompanied with more or less interesting circumstances.

To the deceased person himself it can make no difference whether he be sepulchred in the earth or the ocean; but can it be a matter of indifference to survivors? With the survivors, the idea of personality will still in some degree attach itself to the corpse of the individual, and the spot where it is laid will still excite sentiments of regard, almost as if it were the mansion of some percipient consciousness. The plan of Mr. Godwin, therefore, as far as it tends to preserve the memory of the place of interment of the illustrious dead, is in unison with the best and most general feelings of our nature; and whether it be executed or not, we think that he deserves ample praise for the manner in which he has recommended it to the attention of the country.

Mr. Godwin's plan is simply to establish a fund for the purpose of erecting some memorial of the illustrious dead on the spot where their remains have been interred. Mr. G. thinks, that where the body had been interred in the open air,

“a very slight and cheap memorial, a white cross of wood, with a wooden slab at the foot of it, would be sufficient, if means were taken to secure its being renewed as fast as the materials decayed.”

‘Death,’ says Mr. Godwin, ‘the death of a friend, is a terrible thing; and it is rendered more terrible by all its accompaniments. Other good things, health, fortune, even character, if we lose, we ordinarily lose by degrees. But my friend who dies, I lose at once. But now, and he was all that I valued; and now, in a moment, to me, the living inhabitant of the earth, he is nothing.’

‘His form was pleasant to me; his motions were full of mind; his person was a little world, through every region of which thought, and will, and health, and vigour, and spirits cheerfully circulated. This form is all that is now left of him. But, oh, how changed! I would give all that I possess to purchase the art of preserving the wholesome character and rosy hue of this form, that it might be my companion still. But by the law of nature it is subject to changes the most incompatible with this. The dead body of a man is reserved by the system of the universe to be the great example to us of the degradation of our nature, and the humility of our origin. I therefore cast a heap of mould upon the person of my friend, and take the cold earth for its keeper.’

‘But my thoughts will not stop here. Where is my friend? As to the thinking principle which animated him, I can follow it, by the close deductions of reasoning, or by the suggestions of faith, through the vast regions of space, and see “the spirit return to God that gave it.” But this is reasoning and faith; and I am to a considerable degree the creature of sense. It is impossible therefore that I should not follow by sense the last remains of my friend; and finding him no where above the surface of the earth, should not feel an attachment to the spot where his body has been deposited. His heart must be “made of impenetrable stuff,” who does not attribute a certain sacredness to the grave of one he loved, and feel peculiar emotions stirring in his soul as he approaches it.’

All this consideration of *hic jacet*, it must be granted, is very little. But such is the system of the universe, that it is all that we have for it. It is our only reality. The solidity of the rest, the works of my friend, the words, the actions, the conclusions of reasoning and the suggestions of faith, we feel to depend, as far as they are solid to us, upon the operations of our own mind. They stand, and are the sponsors, for my friend; but what the grave encloses is himself.’

‘Where,’ says Mr. Godwin, ‘is Shakspeare? Where is Homer? Can any sensible mind fail to be struck with the deepest regret, when he considers that they are vanished from the face of the earth, and that their place is too probably filled up by some sleepy and lethargic animal, “dressed in a brief authority,”

pampering his appetites, vapouring his hour, and encumbering the soil which his predecessor adorned? While we regret then in this case the inexorable law of our nature, let us seize on what we can. Let us mark the spot, whenever it can be ascertained, hallowed by the reception of all that was mortal of these glorious beings; let us erect a shrine to their memory; let us visit their tombs; let us indulge all the reality we can now have, of a sort of conference with these men, by repairing to the scene which, as far as they are at all on earth, *they still inhabit!* We are in no danger, in the present temper of European mind, of falling into idolatry towards them: but obdurate must be the mind of him who will bring away no good feelings and no generous sentiments from such a visit.

Men are apt to grow, in the apostolical phrase, too "worldly:" the propensity of our nature, or rather the operation of our state, is to plunge us, the lower orders of the community, in the concerns of the day, and their masters, in the cares of wealth and gain. It is good for us sometimes to be "in the mount." Those things are to be cherished which tend to elevate us above our ordinary sphere, and to abstract us from our common and every-day concerns. The affectionate recollection and admiration of the dead will act gently upon our spirits, and fill us with a composed seriousness, favourable to the best and most honourable contemplations.

One of the accidents which led Mr. Godwin into the train of thinking which gave birth to the present volume, was a visit to Westminster Abbey.

In what is called the Open Part of the Abbey are to be found the tombs of many of our great literary characters, mixed with those of others who had a very slight claim to such a distinction. In the Enclosed Part the spectator is much more struck with the capriciousness of the muse of monumental fame. Except the kings down to those of the house of Stuart, he looks in vain for the tombs of almost all the great men that have adorned our annals. Instead of Simon Montfort, and Stephen Langton, and Wickliffe, and the Montacutes, and the Nevilles, and cardinal Wolsey, and Cranmer, and Sir Philip Sidney, and Lord Chancellor Bacon, and multitudes of others that offer themselves to the memory, we find Sir John Pickering, and Sir James Puckeridge, and Sir Bernard Brocas, who lost his head in the cause of Richard II. and Colonel Popham, and Thomas Thynne, who is immortalized for having been shot in his coach, and Mrs. Nightingale. There is good reason for the absence of most, if not all, of the worthies above mentioned. I am no friend to cenotaphs. Nor would I be over nice in censorship over the illustrious dead; whoever has been truly distinguished for talent or action I should hold worthy of a place; the tomb of Cromwell would teach me many instructive lessons; nor should I object to the monumental record of judge Tresilian, or Titus Oates. It is fit that men, the

scourges of their species, or who have memorably dishonoured the figure of man, should be marked with a brand as imperishable as the pure immortality that attends on our genuine benefactors. Nor do I know that it is worth while, by act of parliament or otherwise, to exclude those persons, who owe their monuments to the mere accident of a surviving relative having a few hundred pounds, which he chose to appropriate in this way. All has its moral. Their tombs are infected with the perishable quality of their histories.'

One of the great recommendations of this plan of Mr. Godwin certainly is that it is congenial with those feelings which seem the common appendage of humanity in all states and in every clime. Even savages love to perpetuate the place of interment of their illustrious dead, of those who have been the defenders and benefactors of the tribe. A similar desire seems to be rather increased than diminished by the more cultivated sensibilities of civilized man. Another recommendation is, that it is favourable to virtue and to the growth and expansion of those qualities, which are at once the ornament of the individual and the blessing of the species. The desire of posthumous regard, however much it may be derided by the moody satirist, as one of the delusions of vanity, may be made to operate as a powerful incentive to great and noble deeds. Diodorus Siculus, lib. 1, § lxxii. relates that the Egyptians were wont to institute a judicial inquiry into the actions of their kings after their death; and that, if those actions were condemned by the general suffrage, they were deemed unworthy of the splendid funeral honours which they otherwise experienced. This dread of posthumous disgrace often exerted a wholesome influence on the lives of their successors. The consciousness that, if a man attain to a certain degree of intellectual eminence, his tomb would be for ever preserved by the grateful recollection of posterity, would impell to the attainment with no inconsiderable force. But who is to determine whether the deceased were worthy of this lasting memorial? Might not a jury of literati or artists, or persons properly qualified to appreciate the merits of the deceased in his particular department, be appointed to sit in judgment on his peculiar excellences or defects, within a certain limited time after his death, when the verdict was neither likely to be biassed by friendship nor by enmity? That state must be esteemed wise which adopts the easiest and cheapest modes of producing mental or moral excellence. Now among these modes we may certainly reckon titular distinctions, or such marks of honourable reminiscence as the present plan suggests. The passion for po-

pular regard, even for posthumous regard, is very general and very readily excited, and a wise government will endeavour to turn the strongest passions of its subjects to the best account. The plan of Mr. Godwin addresses itself very forcibly to the desire of leaving a good name behind us, and of being applauded even when the ear is deaf to praise. This is apt to become a sort of enthusiastic longing, even in the most generous minds. The scheme itself is very simple and very easily accomplished. It requires no expensive decorations, no sumptuous monument of marble or of brass. All that is requisite is some thing that may be sufficient to mark the place of interment, the name and particular excellence of the deceased, which may be formed of very perishable materials as long as care is taken that they are renewed as often as they decay. Mr. Godwin proposes nothing more than 'a white cross of wood, with a wooden slab at the foot of it,' to be erected where the ashes of genius or worth are laid in any part of the British isles. An oaken crown or a branch of palm was sufficient to excite the virtuous emulation, and even to satisfy the thirst for renown, in the ardent and disinterested bosoms of former times; nor do we fear but what this simple token of national gratitude, of 'a white cross of wood, with a wooden slab at the foot of it,' would, if it were once consecrated by public opinion, as the meed of high moral or intellectual endowments, have a similar effect in giving a patriotic and philanthropic impulse to the pursuits of men; and of throwing the enthusiasm of generous minds into a current most favourable to the public good.

ART. IV.—*Anecdotes of Painters who have resided or been born in England; with critical Remarks on their Productions. By Edward Edwards, deceased, late Teacher of Perspective, and Associate in the Royal Academy: intended as a Continuation to the Anecdotes of Painting by the late Horace, Earl of Orford. Leigh and Sotheby. 1808. 4to. Price 1l. 1s.*

IT has long been a subject of complaint that the biographers of artists have given the world very little information respecting their professional progress, the nature of their studies, or the peculiarities of their style. Whilst they have been profuse in their recitals of the honours conferred upon them by princes, and have stupified us with repetitions of their foolish or witty sayings, with accounts of their riches or poverty, of their temperance or excesses, a few lines are generally thought sufficient for making us acquainted with those

circumstances which alone gave them a claim to the attention of posterity.

The life of the author occupies the first pages of this work, and in that character we admit him to the privilege which he has so injudiciously bestowed on men whose names ought never to have appeared in print, except in the general directory.

Mr. Edwards could not boast of exalted talents in his profession, and the want of genius was ill supplied by the advantage of an easy intercourse with the first artists of his day, a strong and undeviating love for his art, and an industry which could bend to the most insipid of graphical employments. He formed a striking exception to the opinion entertained by one of the most ingenious and well-informed of his brethren, that good natural sense and an attachment to the profession, united with great opportunities, and uniform application, must in the end, independent of that disputed quality called *genius*, raise an artist to a high rank among his contemporaries.

The friendly pen which affords the public an account of the professional life of Mr. Edwards gives also a pleasing relation of his domestic virtues. A reviewer, perhaps, has little concern with the private life of a writer, but, whilst we freely expose the defects of the *author*, we may justly claim of the public their respect for the *man*, who, so confined in his circumstances as scarcely to be above poverty himself, out of his scanty earnings cheerfully supported an aged mother and a sister.

The apology which Mr. Edwards thinks it proper to make in the preface 'for the want of portraits of the artists whose memoirs are given, especially as Mr. Walpole has bestowed a considerable number throughout his anecdotes,' at least of *such* portraits, is, in our opinion, unnecessary. On the contrary, we return him thanks for having spared 'our aching sight' the view of such distorted countenances as frequently glare upon us in the quarto edition of Lord Orford's work; and are persuaded that his good sense would have led him to reject with disdain even the gratuitous offer of such plates as disgrace the book of his predecessor, and afford a humiliating proof of the debased condition of the public taste, which gave its sanction to such embellishments. If we were unacquainted with the many delights attending the publication of *QUARTOS*, we should wonder why the author did not print his work in conformity with the more humble and more portable edition, which has also the *advantage* of being unaccompanied with plates.

The introduction contains a history of the rise and progress of the arts in England, from the middle of the reign of George the Second, and of the different societies which contributed to their advancement and support. This is a judicious and necessary appendage to the work; but to many readers it will be tiresome to trace the progress of the art, mixed as it is with the dissensions of its professors: such labour, however, will be repaid by its usefulness in rendering intelligible some allusions in their memoirs, which would otherwise be obscure. When we remark that it contains many instances of the illiberality and selfishness, both of prosperous and of disappointed artists, we do not mean to insinuate that competition in the arts is attended with greater animosity than in literature; but as rivalry in painting is less publicly announced, insinuation supplies the place of invective, and the overthrow of a successful opponent is sometimes attempted by devices the most unmanly and dishonourable.*

The author, although a party in the schisms and contentions which he recounts, appears to have performed his task with very little prejudice, and although some facts may be more strongly and others more feebly coloured than nature, we feel no inclination to accuse him of unjustifiable partiality.

Mr. Walpole having omitted the names of some artists, not less worthy of insertion than many whose lives he has related, and having given but an imperfect account of others, Mr. Edwards commences his anecdotes with such notices as may supply the deficiencies of his predecessor.

The first pause in our progress through this work was occasioned by a remark in the article 'Whood,' which is given with too axiom-like an authority to be allowed a quiet passage through our court. Speaking of the portrait of a young lady, the author observes, 'it is unaffectedly treated, and represents

* A statement has recently come to our knowledge, which, if well founded, threatens to deprive the metropolis of one of its most elegant exhibitions. Small parties of the less successful members of a very respectable society of artists have been observed to follow visitors to whom they were unknown, from picture to picture, round their exhibition rooms, and on finding the attention of any one fixed on the work of a popular master, to make remarks to its disadvantage, pointing out aloud to each other its supposed defects, and contrasting them with the opposite merits of some neighbouring production of one of their own party: thus prejudicing the minds of such as are ignorant of their motives, and have not courage to think for themselves, and eventually injuring the sale of many works of real merit.

This base alliance, we have heard, is known to those who were the objects of it, and except measures be adopted to prevent its recurrence, some of the most respectable names will be withdrawn from the society.

We give this note in order to shew that jealousy and illiberality among artists are not vices only of former times, but most especially, by means of his exposure, to put a stop to so dishonourable a practice. R.

the dress of the age in which it was executed ; a circumstance that will never degrade the best portrait, and may give some value to the worst.' We admit that after the lapse of a century or two, a bad portrait in the dress of its time will have a greater claim to attention, than a moderately good one of the same date, in a fancy dress ; but then, we admire not the *picture*, but the *antique*, and we value that only in proportion to the scarcity of such faithful representations of the costume of that particular era. When we call to mind the numberless beautiful forms and countenances which have been 'degraded' and dishonoured by the abominable inventions of coils, ruffs, toupees, long stays, farthingales, and all the fantastical disfigurements which have in turns prevailed since the introduction of painting into England, we cannot but reprobate the doctrine that a fine portrait loses nothing of its value from a dress which as completely as possible disguises or conceals every beauty of the original. It is saying but little in favour of this attachment to the fashion of the day, to refer us to the lovely faces which so often smile upon us from a canvass loaded even with the preposterous dresses of the reign of Elizabeth ; and to that charming symmetry of form, which neither the constraint of unnatural ligatures, nor the protuberance of hoops and stuffings, have been able entirely to obscure.

How often, too, is a striking masculine countenance converted into an ordinary one, by the addition of an enormous wig, and a manly figure changed into no figure at all, by an unwieldy case of trunk hose ! Most of Kneller's male portraits are illustrations of the levelling power of a periwig, for they are so like each other, that any two of the same age must be mistaken for twins. Among many others we have at this moment particularly in our eye a painting of D. Mytens's, mentioned with deserved praise in the former volumes of these anecdotes ; it is a portrait of the first Lord Holland, excellent in most respects, but so deformed by his dress, that at first sight one cannot help fancying him in masquerade.

Our observations on this subject have been more extended than is usual with us, but it has not been half exhausted, and were we not apprehensive of being reminded that we have forgotten our office, we should produce the greatest authorities to establish the *converse* of what we have already proved, namely, that a judicious departure from an ungraceful costume, ought to be the aim of every portrait painter who wishes to rise above the herd of mechanical copyists.

Those who admire the sort of wit so frequently to be met with in Mr. Walpole's anecdotes, will be disappointed in the work professing to be their continuation ; and those who think

him, as Warburton did, 'an insufferable coxcomb,' will bless their stars on finding that Mr. Edwards does not affect to see things in an uncommon light, nor, when he ought to be telling a plain matter of fact, twist it awry in order to introduce it with more point and effect: his digressions are at least as well chosen, and excite as much general interest, as those of his predecessor. One of them contains the following account of the origin of the beef-steak club, which we believe is not generally known.

'Mr. Lambert was for many years principal scene-painter to the theatre at Covent-garden. Being a person of great respectability in character and profession, he was often visited, while at work in the theatre, by persons of the first consideration, both in rank and talents. As it frequently happened that he was too much hurried to leave his engagements for his regular dinner, he contented himself with a beef-steak broiled upon the fire in the painting-room. In this hasty meal he was sometimes joined by his visitors, who were pleased to participate in the humble repast of the artist. The savour of the dish, and the conviviality of the accidental meeting, inspired the party with a resolution to establish a club, which was accordingly done under the title of The Beef-Steak Club, and the party assembled in the painting-room. The members were afterwards accommodated with a room in the play-house, where the meetings were held for many years,' &c.
—p. 20.

Though we do not, upon the whole, consider Mr. Edwards as inferior in judgment to Mr. Walpole, we are inclined to the opinion of the last mentioned author regarding the merits of Hayman. The writer of the present work labours to give him a higher rank than posterity has thought fit to assign him, and tells us that 'he acquired a very considerable degree of power in his art;' while, conformably with our own observations on his pictures and on engravings from them, his former biographer asserts that he did not in 'any light attain excellence.'

Of our two countrymen, the Wrights, one of Liverpool and the other of Derby, every one at all acquainted with the arts has some knowledge; though the native of Derby has, by his more popular style, almost swallowed up the name of the other artist; and were it not for the most beautiful engraving of Woollet (called the fishery) from a picture of the Liverpool artist, he would fall into undeserved obscurity. Mr. Edwards says,

'that this print was copied in France, of the exact size, and with such accuracy, that it is scarcely to be distinguished from the original. There is also a smaller copy, about twelve inches

long, well executed, in which the vanity of the Frenchman is glaringly conspicuous, the name of Vernet being substituted for that of Mr. Wright.

Now, we cannot imagine how the substituting the name of their best marine painter for that of an English artist but little known, can be considered a proof of the vanity of the French; but it was certainly flattering to our painter, though the deceit was evidently practised with no other view than that of increasing the popularity of the engraving.

It is singular that the name of Wright is not to be met with in Fuseli's edition of Pilkington's Dictionary of Painters. The circumstance of a picture of R. Wright's being the subject of one of Woollet's finest engravings, is of itself authority sufficient for introducing his name among those of his brother artists. Any one must acknowledge, on seeing the print, that the engraver's extraordinary talents were not misemployed on his subject. The other Wright (Joseph) was an associate of the R. A. and though Mr. Fuseli be entitled to smile at his candle-light tricks, it would not have been too much condescension to the prejudices of the day briefly to have acknowledged the existence of an artist whose glowing and glittering works have excited more admiration among young ladies and city connoisseurs, than the more chaste and classical beauties of Reynolds and Wilson.

Every body has heard of the enmity which existed between the two excellent artists whom we have just named, and of that proof which Sir Joshua is supposed to have given of it by his animadversions on Wilson's best picture, contained in his fourteenth discourse. Mr. Edwards takes up the gauntlet for Wilson, and defends his Niobe from the aspersions of the president, upon the whole, with success. But our gravity was completely overcome by his justification of the clouds on which the Apollo is kneeling. Sir Joshua Reynolds remarks with dictatorial solemnity, that these clouds 'have not the appearance of being able to support him; they have neither the substance nor the form fit for the receptacle of the human figure,' &c. Mr. Edwards answers to this, with equal seriousness, that 'the appearance of the cloud is fully equal to the weight which it is supposed to sustain; and indeed the figure appears to be floating on that species of cloud which is *OFTEN SEEN** rolling along in a thunder-storm near the surface of the earth,' &c. It is difficult to say which is most laughable, the weak petulance of the objector, or the grave and precise defence of the apologist, who, to make the appear-

* Qu. With a man riding upon it. R.

ance of the figure as *natural* as possible, takes a small liberty with truth, and informs us that such a cloud is often seen rolling along near the surface of the earth. Let

————— ‘both divide the crown.’

But, for the sake of posterity, one of these philosophers should have drawn up a scale of proportions to ascertain the exact relative dimensions of clouds, and the figures they have to support, that future artists, by means of a rule and compasses, might avoid all such sins against the laws of nature and of gravity. Notwithstanding the laugh which we have indulged against the zealous biographer, we think that he has given a very satisfactory account of our most excellent landscape-painter; but he has said too little in calling him ‘one of the first landscape-painters in Europe;’ for with all his defects, his *best landscapes* were the best landscapes of his time.

In the article ‘Gainsborough’ there is a quotation from Sir J. Reynolds which does not convey the whole of the author’s meaning. Alluding to Gainsborough’s practice of forming little landscapes on his table by means of stones, dried herbs, sticks, looking-glass, &c. he remarks that ‘such methods may be nothing more than mischievous trifling, or they may be aids according to the general talent of him who uses it.’

As a painter without talents is never without vanity, every one will think himself authorized by this remark to seize upon, and press into the service of his invention, twigs, weeds, stones, moss, looking-glass, and dried herbs. The writer soon after makes a condition attended with a *caveat*. ‘I think upon the whole, unless we constantly refer to real nature, that practice may be more likely to do harm than good.’ This quotation ought to have been adopted by Mr. Edwards as a continuation of Sir Joshua’s remark; and he ought not, in that which he has given, to have subjected his author to the imputation of writing bad English, by joining together the parts of two sentences, which in the original are perfectly distinct.

In respect to the above mentioned practice, we wonder that it escaped the notice of Sir J. Reynolds, that the representation of water by means of glass must have led to the most erroneous conclusions; for their respective powers of reflection are governed by laws absolutely opposite. At that angle where the reflection from glass is the strongest, that from water is the most faint; and *vice versâ*. So great is this disparity, that at an angle of ninety degrees, when the reflection from looking-glass is the greatest possible, the reflec-

tion from water is but one fortieth part as powerful as it is from the smallest possible angle; and from this smallest angle silvered glass reflects the least.*

The Life of Gainsborough is a very amusing and we believe a very faithful account of that eccentric painter. Those of Reynolds and Barry are already before the public more at large; and also too long an account of Moreland, to the last mentioned of whom, whose fame was much above his desert, Mr. Edwards has not devoted quite two pages.

We will finish our remarks on particular lives, by an anecdote from the account of Hodges. It is in the recollection of many of our readers that this artist once exhibited two pictures, one shewing 'the Effects of Peace,' and the other 'the Consequences of War.'

The Duke of York

upon seeing these pictures, very pertinently observed, that he thought no artist should employ himself on works of that kind, the effects of which might tend to impress the mind of the inferior classes of society with sentiments not suited to the public tranquillity; that the effects of war were at all times to be deplored, and therefore 'people ought not to be kept in ignorance of what they have to suffer from it; no, that would be treating them like rational creatures) 'and therefore need not be exemplified in a way which could only serve to increase public clamour without redressing the evil.'

It is public opinion which must 'redress the evil;' and whilst the miseries of war are carefully kept out of our sight by the promoters of it, we are indebted to such faithful representations as may remind us of the sufferings of our fellow-creatures and countrymen; and keep in action that humane and just abhorrence of war, which the Almighty has placed in the hearts of all good men.

We have derived much satisfaction from the perusal of Mr. Edwards's book, and esteem it by no means inferior to the work of which it professes to be a continuation. The language is plain and perspicuous, and in general correct. But the reader must not expect that depth of thought and force of language which distinguish the late additions to Pilkington's Dictionary; and which make us regret that Mr. Fuseli has so little time to spare for the prosecution of similar and greater labours.

* Plain unsilvered glass, laid over those hollows which are to represent water, would answer the purpose very well; as, like water, it reflects the greatest number of rays at the smallest angle, and the least number at the greatest angle. R.

Whoever possesses 'Walpole's Anecdotes,' will find Mr. Edwards's continuation a very useful book; and we shall be glad to hear that its demand will be such as to cause a republication of it, in a form which may render it more easily attainable 'by the generality of those to whom the work may be useful.'*

ART. V.—*Voyages and Travels to India, Ceylon, the Red Sea, Abyssinia, and Egypt, in the Years 1802, 1803, 1804, 1805, and 1806.* By George, Viscount Valentia. In three Volumes. (Concluded from vol. xviii. p. 383.)

MR. SALT and his party left Dixan, August 14, 1805, and proceeded on their way to Antalow. They passed the plain of Zarai, which reminded Mr. Salt of the vale of Evesham in Worcestershire. 'The whole was in a high state of cultivation, and disposed in ridges for the convenience of irrigating the land.' They halted at a village called Bakauko for the night, where they were very poorly housed, but hospitably entertained by the inhabitants with goat's-flesh, milk, and honey. They stopped the next night at the village of Asceriah, where they experienced a very cold reception, and seemed likely to have no other nocturnal shelter than a tree, when an old man invited them to his house, where they found more conveniences than they had seen before. From Asceriah they travelled nearly north-west, on account of the impassable mountains to the south, when they turned over a rising ground, till they came to 'Abha, the residence of the Baharnegash Subhart.' Baharnegash is a title which is given to every head man in a village. Here they found an increase of formality in the modes of salutation. 'No person is permitted to go into the presence of the Baharnegash without uncovering to the waist; nor is he addressed by any one except in a whisper, with the mouth covered and applied close to his ear. This Baharnegash was very liberal of his hydromel, and some of the party drank two brulhes or pints. In the next day's journey (Aug. 17), they reached the ruinous village of Recaito. Hence, moving to the eastward, and afterwards proceeding due south, they ascended a lofty mountain, the whole of which was covered with acacias, mingled with a variety of sweet scented plants, shrubs, and flowers. They passed the night at the village of

Shihah, where a tolerably good house had been prepared for their reception. Here they were roused about two o'clock in the morning by a false alarm. An enemy was said to be at hand. But the noise which excited their apprehensions, and which had been mistaken for a drum, was only that of an old woman grinding her corn, an operation which, Mr. Salt says, both in Arabia and India, is always performed in the night. On August 19, our travellers

'crossed a plain, through which ran a brook shaded with shrubs, and bordered with many kinds of plants of exquisite beauty; afterwards descending a rugged steep, we entered a valley of rich pasture land, the grass of which was so plentifully mixed with white and red clover, yellow crowfoot, and dandelion, that it had the exact appearance of an English meadow in spring.'

They passed this night at a village called Calaut, where they experienced the hospitality of a mussulmaun. They remained at this place during the next day, when a chieftain, called Tigra Moka Welleta Samuel

'came down from his hill with a present of a sheep and milk, and also engaged to supply us with people at an early hour on the following morning. He made an excuse for appearing in a squalid dress, by informing me that he was in mourning for his brother. His shirt was blackened with dirt, and was to be worn eighty days.'

On the following day (August 21), the road which our travellers took wound in a direction from south-east to south-west, over rocky hills and cultivated vales. About three o'clock they arrived at Genater, the capital of the district of Agowma.

'It is a village consisting chiefly of conical huts, overlooked by a high rock, steep on every side, and on the top of which is an area about one hundred feet in diameter, occupied partially by a citadel. Here we were met by Subagadis, the elder of the four sons of Shuin Woldo. He uncovered himself with great humility on approaching, and saluted us by kissing our hands; he then led us into his state room, which was not unlike a hall in some of our old English mansions, being lofty, and supported by round posts in the centre. Here he treated us with an excellent fowl-curry, wheaten loaves cooked in steam, and plenty of maize; he also presented me with three bullocks, four pots and two skins of honey, as he expressed it by the Ras's order. All this time his brother Aggoos had been standing behind him, not being allowed, as it should seem, to sit in his presence. We spent this day very pleasantly, being treated with great hospitality by the master of the mansion, who was in his manners by

far the most polished Abyssinian we had yet seen. He had a mild expression in his countenance, his features were regular, his hair was short and curly, but not woolly, and his limbs, though small, were well formed.'

The next morning Mr. Salt and his friends were entertained

'by the sight of an Abyssinian banquet, at which, although new guests were continually relieving those who were satisfied, we counted ninety-five persons feeding at the same time in the hall. It might frighten many a man to go into the midst of such a throng cutting away at the raw meat with their long drawn knives, and handing it about in large pieces, from the higher to those of inferior rank. Sometimes, if it chanced to be a coarse piece, it was observed to go through six or seven gradations. At the farther end of the hall sat Subagadis and his wife, with her female attendants, behind a half-drawn curtain. On our entering the hall we were invited to take a seat among them, with which we willingly complied. The lady, whom we could now more particularly attend to, was young and pretty, and both gentle and agreeable in her manners; she asked me for a pair of ear-rings (which I had before been erroneously given to understand the Abyssinian ladies did not wear); I sent accordingly for a pair of some that I had procured at Mocha, and presented them to her.'

On the night of the 22d they halted at a village, where they were presented by the chief 'with a bullock and two sheep, a part of one of which was made into a country curry, with bread and maize for our supper.' Our travellers proceeded but a short distance on the 23d, when they stopped at the village of Amba Manut, where a good house was prepared for their reception. After travelling about five miles on the 24th, Mr. Salt and his party experienced a very hospitable entertainment at the residence of Ayto Guebra.

'Maize, curry, and immense piles of bread being laid before us, we were given to understand that to eat and drink heartily was the best compliment we could pay them; and indeed they plied us so fast with the maize, and that of so good and strong a quality, that I found it absolutely necessary to rise and depart in a hurry, lest all our servants, to whom they had been as liberal as ourselves, should be incapable of proceeding.'

After this they rode some miles farther the same day to the mansion of Debib, chief of Negashé, who prepared for them another plentiful feast. The next day (August 25) our travellers visited a curious church or convent cut out of the solid rock, called Abuhassubha. It 'is situated on one side of a

rock which commands a view of a large and beautiful plain, thinly set with daroo and wild date trees. The priests of this temple were all neatly dressed in white with light turbans or rather wrappers round their heads.' Our travellers reached Derhah on the 26th of August. They found this town surrounded by a wall and wide fosse, and most of the houses built of stone. From Derhah they travelled about ten miles over quarries, plains, and high rocky hills.

'The soil of the plains was of a black colour, extremely rich, and full twelve feet deep, as we ascertained by the broken banks of a stream which runs meandering through it; the hills also would admit of cultivation, if the large stones with which they are encumbered were removed; but this the inhabitants are too idle or ignorant to undertake, even on the flat land; so that it is with the greatest difficulty that they are able to plough it. After descending a steep pass, from which we had a full view of the hill of Antalow, we arrived at the village of Chelicut, where we were accommodated in a house belonging to the Ras, built on a beautiful spot close to the borders of a stream. We were at this place treated with more than usual ceremony and respect, and were informed that the Ras had ordered the greatest attention to be paid to our wishes. In the afternoon we were taken out to visit the church, attended by a multitude of priests, all handsomely clothed in white. On entering the first gate-way, they requested us to take off our shoes and hats, with which we immediately complied.'

'From the church we were taken to the store-room, to view the rich vestments and furniture of the officiating priests, which were of great beauty. Among other articles were eleven mitres of pure silver inlaid with gold, two dresses of black velvet richly studded with silver, a large silver drum hooped with gold, besides a rich Venetian cloth very handsomely embroidered. The priests seemed to have much pleasure in shewing us their wealth, and afterwards conducted us to the Ras's garden, which, though in a very wild state and overgrown with grass, was enriched with many valuable fruit trees, as oranges, citrons, pomegranates, and bananas, most of which, from their names, being evidently derived from Arabic, I supposed to have been originally brought from Arabia.'

From Chelicut Mr. Salt pursued his journey over numerous hills, which skirt the base of a lofty mountain between that place and Antalow. As our travellers approached Antalow, they had to pass to the Ras's residence through an assemblage of at least three thousand of the inhabitants.

'They pressed so hard to get near us as we were going through the first gate, over which were sitting some of the officers of state, that it was with difficulty we could force a passage. We

were not allowed to dismount from our mules till we had got into the entrance of the great hall, at the farther end of which was seated the Ras, on a couch, with two large pillows upon it covered with rich satin. On each side of him, seated on the floor, which was carpeted, were all his principal chiefs, and among others our friend Baharnegash Yasous. On being ushered with much bustle into his presence, according to the custom of the country, we bowed and then kissed the back of his hand, and he in return kissed ours; he then pointed to a vacant couch on his right, covered with a beautiful skin, on which we were immediately seated. After this the usual compliments passed, the Ras on his part expressing his pleasure at seeing us, and we on our part making a proper return, with additional compliments from Lord Valentia at Mocha. We were then given to understand that nothing more was to be said at this visit. In a few minutes after Captain Rudland was taken away to inspect the apartments allotted us, and on his return we withdrew, attended by a minister of the Ras, through whom we were to communicate all our wishes.

Mr. Salt says that the Ras is remarkably small in person, and delicately formed, of seventy-two years of age, with an intelligent countenance and considerable dignity in his deportment. The Ras said that he seldom staid at home in the night, but took his pleasure in fishing and hunting. Our travellers had a specimen of his nocturnal vigilance; at twelve he sent them some clouted cream, and at four Mr. Salt was called to receive the compliments of the morning. About ten in the morning 'we were invited,' says Mr. S.

'to breakfast with the Ras, and were received with the same distinction as yesterday, being seated on a sofa, while his minister was placed close by on the carpet. We were very plentifully fed by the Ras himself with eggs, fowl in curry, and balls of a mixed composition of wild celery, curds and ghee, after which we were offered brinde; but on our expressing a wish to have it dressed, the meat was afterwards brought grilled, and cut into small pieces by one of the attendants, and handed to our mouths by the Ras, much in the same way as boys in England feed young magpies. It is scarcely possible to describe the scene that was going on in the mean time in the hall, where the people were squabbling and almost fighting, with their drawn knives, for the raw meat that was handed about, and the teff bread that lay heaped up around the table; there were, however, some masters of the ceremony who carried long white sticks, with which they frequently chastised those who were too hasty in seizing their portion.'

About six o'clock in the morning of August 30, 'I was sent for,' says Mr. Salt,

‘and found the Ras alone in the hall. I then delivered to him, in the name of Lord Valentia, the presents sent by his lordship, which consisted of two entire pieces of broad-cloth, one blue and the other red; a handsome watch, a telescope, some pieces of kincaub and satin, a dress of gold tissue, a gold ring and broach, and several pieces of muslin. These presents gave great satisfaction, more particularly those articles which were new to him, namely, the watch, telescope, and trinkets; and the kincaub and gold dress he repeatedly ordered to be opened out before him. On stating, in the name of his lordship, the impossibility of procuring at Mocha such presents as he would have wished to send, he stopped me at once, by expressing his entire satisfaction with what he had received; and assured me, that his only regret arose from the impossibility of communicating in our own language the friendship he felt for us, who, strangers as we were, had come so far from our parents, our friends, and our country, to visit him, while those who were near him, and ought to be friends, thought only of making war upon him.’

Mr. Salt then mentioned that the motive of Lord Valentia in sending him to Antalow, was to open a commercial intercourse between the English and the Abyssinians, of which Mr. Salt forcibly depicted the probable advantages to the dominions of the Ras. Some conversation then ensued about the most convenient port for the delivery of the cargoes. The Ras mentioned that there was a place on the coast belonging to himself called Buré, not more than four days journey from Antalow, well supplied with water and cattle; the inhabitants of which had often solicited permission to open a trade with the ships which were constantly passing within sight of them. He said that the road between Buré and Antalow was very practicable for kafilas, excepting one day's journey, in which no water was to be procured. At the conclusion of this interview, Mr. Salt requested a copy, in Arabic, of the history of Abyssinia, from the reign of Joas to the present time; when the Ras said that the chronicles were kept at Axum, and that he would take care that Mr. Salt should not be disappointed.

Antalow consists of upwards of one thousand houses with conical thatched roofs, erected upon an uneven rising ground in the valley below. The country around is very uninteresting, and almost totally devoid of trees. In the evening of September 1, our travellers went into the hall, and

‘found the Ras at chess, in the midst of his chiefs. The chessmen, which are coarsely made of ivory, are very large and clumsy; when they have occasion to take any of their adversary's pieces, they strike it with great force and eagerness from its place. I observed that their game differs much from ours. Bi-

shops jump over the heads of knights, and are only allowed to move three squares. The pawns move only one step forward at starting, and get no rank by reaching the end of the board; they play with much noise, every person around, even the slaves, having a voice in the game, and seizing the pieces at pleasure, to shew any advisable move. We observed, however, that they always managed with great ingenuity to let the Ras win every game.'

On the 9th of September, Mr. Salt set out for Axum, leaving Captain Rudland and Mr. Carter at Antalow. Mr. Salt was accompanied by Pearce and Andrew mounted on mules, and by Ibrahim, as an interpreter, on foot. After traversing a hilly country they arrived at the town of Muccallah. The soil in the neighbourhood consists of a rich black loam, and was in a high state of cultivation. Here Mr. Salt found the Ras, who had set off from Antalow at an early hour in the morning. Mr. Salt passed the night at Muccallah. On the next day, after visiting the church, and observing the devout antics of the Abyssinian priests, he proceeded to the house of the Ras, who placed him by his side on the couch, and fed him with his own hands.

'There were four changes of guests at table, and three large jars of maize were emptied, each of which contained at least half a hogshead. I was prevailed on by the Ras to eat a small portion of brinde, and am satisfied that it is merely prejudice that deters us from this food.'

On the 11th of September, Mr. Salt pursued his journey over the plain of Jambelos, extending about eight miles in length, and from two to four in breadth, which appeared to be in a high state of culture, and to contain at least forty inhabited villages, besides several in ruins. At night Mr. Salt stopped at the village of Haremko. He departed at an early hour the next morning, and arrived as night was setting in at the village of Gullybudda, where he was very hospitably entertained by the chief, who was in high spirits, very jovial, and wished Mr. Salt to stay in the country, promising to give him his daughter in marriage.

'The next morning we travelled,' says Mr. Salt, 'about three miles N. N. W. through a picturesque and tolerably well wooded country; but the trees were of a small size, and scarcely timber. Birds of many different kinds were singing among the branches of all the lower trees, the extremities of which were hung with numerous nests.'

On the 14th of September, part of the road which our travellers pursued round rugged hills covered with brushwood,

and along the edges of steep precipices, a fall from which into the plain below would have been certain death. In this day's journey Mr. Salt met a poor woman, who requested him to give her some physic for a child which she had at her back, and which, according to her report, was *afflicted with an evil spirit*. Before sun-set Mr. Salt came in sight of the town of Adowa, enveloped in smoke.

'The market was just over, and the people, who were returning to their respective villages, were all curious enough to see the strangers, but they uniformly behaved with much respect and civility.'

The next morning Mr. Salt proceeded to examine the curiosities of the town and neighbourhood. In their way to inspect the church of St. Mariam, they were attended by a crowd of the inhabitants, who pressed forward to get a sight of them, 'shouting and laughing, and the women making a clapping noise peculiar to themselves, all expressive of their pleasure and astonishment.'

When Mr. Salt came out of the church of St. Michael which he visited, and which is the most respectable in appearance of any at Adowa, a woman fell at his feet, and implored him to heal her son, who was deaf and dumb. 'It was not without difficulty,' says Mr. Salt, 'that I was able to get rid of her importunity.'

On approaching Axum, Mr. Salt passed the ruins of a great number of fallen obelisks, some of which are plain, and others carefully sculptured. He was soon after gratified by the sight of an obelisk which is still erect.

'It is,' says Mr. Salt, 'undoubtedly the one mentioned by Poncet, and afterwards described and drawn by Bruce. It is about eighty feet high, and formed out of a single block of granite, curiously carved, and in excellent proportion. My attention was, for a long time, rivetted on this beautiful and extraordinary monument, of which however the elevation, published by the traveller last mentioned, can furnish no idea. It is difficult to conceive the method by which such a solid mass of granite was raised; and the astonishment excited by the magnitude of the work was more particularly striking after passing through a country now reduced to so rude a state as Abyssinia. A little way below this only obelisk that has withstood the effects of time, and which appears so perfect, that it might be supposed to have been lately erected, we came opposite to the church, which Bruce has most unjustly depreciated, since, when compared with all others in Tigré, it has no rival (except Chelicut) with respect to size, richness, or sanctity.'

'In the evening I had a visit from the chief priest and others,

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who came with their books to try me in the Scripture. My knowledge, though not very great, was fortunately fully equal to enable me to answer or evade all their questions, so that I came off with great credit, and the high priest kissed my hand in rap-ture, at my intimate acquaintance with the sacred book.'

About half a mile in a north-east direction from the church, Mr. Salt had the satisfaction of viewing an upright stone, with an inscription in Greek characters, which he very carefully copied, and which himself and his friends have been at considerable pains to elucidate. The date of the inscription is supposed to be 330, and it is principally curious as tending to prove the prevalence of the Greek language in the country at that period, and the adoption of the gods of Greece. Mr. Salt found the obelisk, which we have mentioned above, to be extremely different from the sketch exhibited by Bruce. The ornaments which Bruce calls triglyphs, metopes, and guttae are, as Mr. Salt says, most regularly, instead of being irregularly disposed.

'The broad sides of it front north and south, of which only the south is sculptured. It is inferior in size to one that has fallen down, which also differs from this in the form of its ornaments, and in its having been carved on both sides, or else on the opposite side, to the corresponding one of that which is now standing.' "From my account of Axum," says Mr. Salt, "it will appear that Bruce's description of the 'mountain of red marble,' of the 'wall cut out of the same five feet high,' with its 'one hundred and thirty-three pedestals, on which stood colossal statues of the dog-star, two of which only were remaining,' and of the road cut between the wall and the mountain, are statements contrary to the existing facts, or, at least, so extremely exaggerated as to cast strong doubts upon his authority."

The inhabitants of Axum are said to exhibit less marks of civility and subordination than those of the other places through which Mr. Salt passed. The mode of apprehending offenders is very curious.

'When any person is injured, his first attempt is to get hold of his adversary's apparel, which, having fastened in a hand knot to his own, nothing can force him to quit till he gets into the presence of his superiors, to whose decision he means to appeal: and it is singular that those who may have stolen double the value of their garment, will not consent to part with it in order to escape, from the disgrace attached to such a proceeding.'

On his return to Antalow, Mr. Salt, while at Adowa, received a polite invitation from Ozoro Tishai. In the evening he waited on this Abyssinian princess, who was expecting him with a large party of her friends and attendants. She

was seated in a recess on a couch, with the lower part of her face covered. She gave Mr. Salt a most gracious reception. 'What was wanting in conversation was made up by laughing, joking, and drinking; for the lady most urgently plied us all with maize, taking at the same time an equal portion herself.' This lady told Mr. Salt that she had heard of Bruce, 'but had never seen him; that he was a great favourite both of Ozoro Esther and of the Iteghé.'

On one of the following days Mr. Salt met on his route an old priest named Allula Lucas, who said that he had formerly been

'well acquainted with Yagoube (Bruce) at Gondar. On my questioning him, he said that Bruce lived at Koscam, and made two attempts, the first of which failed, to visit the Nile. It was supposed that he went to stop the course of that river; and as they believed he could make gold and turn any waters, they thought him capable of accomplishing this project.'

He said that Mr. Bruce was not well acquainted either with the language of Amhara or of Tigré;—that he was

'a great favourite of Tecla Haimanout, with whom, however, he had once quarrelled, on account of the Sultan's taking off his hat or his turban, which he indignantly resented.'

Mr. Salt returned to Antalow on the 23d of September, and found all his friends safe and happy to see him again. Captain Rudland was absent from Antalow with the Ras for about fifteen days, during Mr. Salt's excursion to Axum. The journal which Captain Rudland kept in this interval is inserted in this part of the work, and is an amusing portion of the performance. Capt. Rudland was, during the whole time, treated with cordial kindness by the Ras, whose character appears in a very amiable light. Captain R. usually formed one of the Ras's fishing and hunting parties, of both which diversions he was very fond. The mode of hunting which is followed by the Ras is very different from that which is practised in this country. The Ras has about fifty dogs, of an inferior sort, not unlike the English lurcher, and at least five hundred men.

'These are disposed among the thickets of acacia, with which the small hills around are covered, in order to rouse the deer, hares, grouse, partridges, and guinea fowl. As soon as one of these is put up (for the birds fly only to a very short distance), it is instantly pursued by the dogs and men who happen to be nearest. Upon this an universal shout and yell is set up, which so frightens the poor animal, that, together with the keenness of the dogs, it seldom happens that it escapes.'

On this day, as Captain Rudland entered the first gate to the hall of the Ras's residence at Muccullah,

'the knife was flourishing over the cow's throat; for, if the animal can be killed in the presence of the Ras, it is not only considered as the more respectful, but the brinde is the more delicious. In the present instance, the skin was only partly taken off, and a favourite slice of the flesh was brought immediately to table, the muscles of which continued to quiver till the whole was devoured.'

While Captain Rudland was at Muccullah, he was present at the funeral of the wife of one of the principal inhabitants. He observed no demonstrations of grief in any of the attendants but the women, who scratched their temples, foreheads, and noses, till 'they were as raw as brinde.' Captain R. had the pleasure of beholding the Muccullah princess Ozoro Endett,

'and three other ladies belonging to the chief men of the place; they appeared by no means alarmed at my presence, but rather otherwise, for they invited me to sit down, with which I accordingly complied. The Ozoro was covered with trinkets and chains of gold and silver; even her shoes, in the hands of her slave girls, were of silver studded with gold. These ladies were very free in examining my dress and skin; but nothing seemed to excite their surprise so much as my hair, which, until they touched it, they would not believe to be natural.'

This princess is said by Captain R. to be an excellent agriculturist. We are told that she always gets three crops in a year, and that she has trenches cut from the river to irrigate her fields, whenever it is requisite.

Mr. Salt gives the following account of a grand feast which took place in the great hall of the Ras's mansion after his return to Antalow.

'A long table was placed in the middle of the hall, at the upper end of which, in a recess, the floor of which was raised about half a foot above the level of the room, was a couch, with two large pillows covered with striped satin, and behind this stood a lower couch covered with a handsome skin. The Ras led the way, leaning on two of his principal chiefs, and took his seat on the higher couch, inviting us, at the same time, to occupy the couch behind. The chiefs in the mean time ranged themselves on their haunches (for there were no benches) on each side of the table, and behind the Ras, crowding in two or three ranks towards the upper end of the room. The sides of the table were covered to the height of a foot by piles of test bread in the form of round thin pancakes, about two feet and a half diameter, and

down the middle of the table was ranged a single row of dishes, consisting of a hot curry made of fowl, mutton, ghee, and curds. A quantity of fine wheaten bread in large rolls was prepared for the use of the Ras; these he broke, and first distributed to us, and afterwards to some of the chiefs by whom he was surrounded. This ceremony served as a signal to begin the feast; upon which several female slaves, placed at different parts of the table, (having previously washed their hands in the presence of the Ras) dipped the teft bread into the curries and other dishes, and distributed it among the guests. A man, whose particular business it was, performed the same office for the Ras, who immediately handed a portion to us, and then to some of the chiefs, who, on receiving it, got up and bowed: balls also of curds, greens, and teft bread mixed together were handed about. During this time the cattle were killing on the outside of the hall. This is done by laying the beast down on the ground, and with a jambea knife nearly separating the head from the body, pronouncing at the same time "Bis m' Allah Guebra Menfus Kedus," a style of invocation that seems to be borrowed from the followers of Mahommed. The skin is then stripped with all possible expedition from one side of the animal, and the entrails, lights, liver, and tripes are taken out, which latter the attendants voraciously devour as their perquisite, sometimes even without paying much regard to the trouble of cleaning them. The flesh of the animal, of which the rump and heart are considered as prime delicacies, is cut into large pieces, and while the fibres are yet quivering, is brought in to the guests, who, by this time, have consumed as much as they please of the curries and other dishes. The brinde, as the raw flesh is called, was in irregular pieces, but commonly adhering to a bone, by which the attendants carried it; it was then handed round to the chiefs, who, with their crooked knives, cut off a large steak, which they afterwards dissected very dexterously into strips, about half an inch in diameter, holding it at the same time between the two fore-fingers of the left hand. Having thus prepared their meat, they took it up with the left hand and put it into their mouths; such at least was the usual practice with the Ras and all the chiefs whom we had an opportunity of observing, on this and many other occasions. I mention these seemingly trifling particulars, to shew that Bruce is mistaken when he asserts, that "no man in Abyssinia, of any fashion whatever, feeds himself, or touches his own meat;" indeed so far from this delicacy being observed, it is extremely common for the highest chiefs to help their neighbours round, and not unfrequently even their women, as we afterwards particularly observed at the table of Gusmati Ischias, who was one of the first fashion at Gondar when Bruce was there. If the piece happened not to please the person who cut it off, he handed it to a dependant behind him, from whom it sometimes passed to a seventh hand, if not approved. While the brinde was serving up, of which the quantity consumed is scarcely credible, the maize was distributed about very plentifully in brulles, or Vene-

tian glasses, horns being used only for booza. The first party being satisfied, retired from table, and was succeeded by another of inferior rank, by which the remains of the bride were consumed. After these came a third, a fourth, and even a fifth party, who were obliged to content themselves with the coarse test bread, and a single horn of booza, and were driven away by the master of the ceremonies, before they had taken their fill. Near the conclusion of the feast, the Ras sent off from the table large quantities of test bread, for the followers of those chiefs most in favour. The whole ended with a violent scramble for the last cakes, during which it seemed to be a point of etiquette to make as much uproar and confusion as possible. During the feast there were a few boys permitted to remain, by favour, under the table, to pick up what fell from the guests; but if any one be discovered there who has not permission, he is beaten severely by blows given with the elbow. There were also one or two men with small crosses in their hands, which they held out, intimating thereby that they were at that time obliged to fast.

Before our travellers left Antalow, they had a visit from the keeper of the Ras's cows, 'who was daily in the habits of bringing them-milk, in return for some physic that Captain Rudland gave him, to drive out, as he expressed it, "*a devil in his inside,*" which most fortunately succeeded.' We have quoted this and one or two similar passages, to shew the strong tendency which there is in the eastern idiom of thought and expression, to ascribe physical maladies to supernatural causes, and particularly to the agency of demons. This tendency is always stronger in proportion as the people are more ignorant and barbarous. Like the belief in apparitions and other delusions, it can be completely effaced only by the general diffusion of knowledge and philosophy.

A great deal of attention is said to be paid to ceremony at Antalow.

* No one in public addresses the Ras without rising from the ground, and uncovering to the waist; but after the first address they are often permitted to speak sitting. This does not hold good, however, in their private parties, where they all huddled together on the ground in a most happy equality. Equals salute each other by kissing when they meet, and repeat their compliments over and over again, like their neighbours the Arabs. With all their freedom they are scrupulous observers of the laws of good breeding established among themselves, and are particularly attentive to their friends, especially at meals, where they make it a point to feed each other.—'In the decision of causes, which ever party may be in the wrong, it generally turns to the advantage of the Ras, who decides the matter. The parties begin by denying each other's statement; one then proceeds to say, that if he is found in the wrong, he will forfeit to the judge a

quantity of salt, a mule, slaves, or gold, or whatever the other may be willing to stake upon his veracity. The other having agreed to a fixed penalty, the cause is put off until further evidence is brought, when the party in the wrong is convicted, and punished only by the loss of what he had voluntarily pledged himself to risk; they then kiss the ground and retire.

Landed property is said to descend, by inheritance, from father to son; but all the children have a claim to a maintenance. The Ras never thinks of removing any chief while the accustomed tribute is paid. The great men take as many wives as they please, 'Shum Woldo had forty wives, and left behind him upwards of one hundred children.' The presence of the priest is not necessary to the ratification of the nuptial engagement. Married women are not allowed such an unrestrained intercourse with the other sex as has been affirmed. Mr. Salt says, that a brinde feast is not followed by such gross and disgusting scenes as Mr. Bruce has depicted; and that the practice of cutting steaks of flesh from the living animal is unknown in Abyssinia. The higher orders are

'extremely regular in attending to the established fast-days, which take up one-third of the year; but this does not hold good with the lower class, who devour rather than eat whatever they can get at all times. They are charitable in assisting the distressed, and our servants often saved bread to give to beggars, which, at the time that we returned from Adowa, were very numerous, sitting by the highway.'

The royal family are no longer confined, as formerly, to the mountains of Wechné or Way-gne, but are placed under the chiefs of the different provinces. The Abyssinians have no manufactures of importance. Though many parts of the country produce the cotton plant, yet the inhabitants are not acquainted with the art of separating the cotton from the seed; and they import from India what is necessary for their dress.

On the 10th of October our travellers had a farewell interview with the good and kind-hearted Ras.

'I took,' says Mr. Salt, 'this last opportunity of again recommending Pearce to his protection, as his own guest, and our countryman. This he most feelingly promised. Our parting was an unpleasant moment to us all; the Ras himself was much affected, and could not speak at the time he took us by the hands.'

At the house of Basha Abdallah, on their return, our travellers found an old man who went with Bruce to Gondar, and several other persons who were well acquainted with the

transactions of the last thirty-five years. These persons agreed in saying that

‘ Bruce passed four months at Adowa; that he did not speak the language of Tigré; but afterwards made himself in part acquainted with the Amharic; that he was two years at Gondar, and visited the source of the Nile, and was robbed of his books and instruments: that two of the battles of Serbraxos were fought some time (two years) before he came into the country, and that a third engagement took place afterwards at the same spot, at which, however, Bruce was not present, as he never went out to war, and at the particular time alluded to was actually at Gondar; that the king gave him a house, but no land, command, or employ, during his stay in the country; that he was a good horseman, and used to shoot from his saddle; that he had two interpreters, Michael and Georges, of whom one spoke Greek, and the other wrote Arabic; and that when he was at Adowa, he resided in the house of Yannes, who sent fifteen mules for him from Dixan.’

At the village of Gundufsch an old gentleman, who was well acquainted with Gondar, told Mr. Salt that

‘ Bruce was a great favourite with the king, who gave him an excellent house to live in, and provided him with food, but that he never gave him any land nor command; that he was much with the Iteghé and Ozoro Esther, and but little with the Ras; that he never went out to war during his stay in the country, but kept much in the house, and was very curious after plants, stones, &c.’

Mr. Salt details other similar communications respecting Bruce, which tend to discredit some of the transactions in which he represents himself to have had a share.

At Barraddo our travellers were put into a shed, part of which was occupied by a family of the Hazorta tribe, which was come to assist in getting in the harvest.

‘ In the evening,’ says Mr. Salt, ‘ I had an opportunity of observing the manner of living among these people, and of gaining additional information concerning them. Their evening’s meal consisted solely of coarse cakes of bread, which were made from the grain collected that day in the field. The old woman first sifted away a portion of the husks; the grain was then ground by her and a young girl, and afterwards mixed up into a thick batter, which was spread out with the hand on a broken dish, placed over a brisk fire; the old woman and the girl in the mean time being busily engaged in watching its progress. An old man, who seemed to be the head of the family, was sitting at his ease smoking a country hookah; a boy about sixteen was lolling on a seat in a recess, at the farther end of the room,

and two children, a cow, and a few goats, formed so excellent a group, that I could not resist the pleasure of drawing it. The family had scarcely patience enough to wait till the first cake was baked; and no sooner was it taken from the fire than it was most eagerly devoured, and that nothing might be lost, the old woman picked out of the ashes every crumb that had dropped. They seemed, however, to be perfectly happy over this frugal repast, which was concluded with a hearty draught of water.

As our travellers approached Arkeko, they were under no small anxiety lest the report which they had heard on the road of the absence of the ship should prove true;

‘in which case,’ says Mr. Salt, ‘from our former experience of the hostile disposition of the dola, we anticipated no small trouble and personal hazard. In order to keep up the spirits of our attendants, I had ventured to express myself perfectly certain that the ship would make her appearance as soon as we reached the coast; and by a most fortunate coincidence, as the day broke, we were gratified by the sight of a vessel in the offing, which we were soon convinced was no other than the Panther. The effect which this had on the whole party is scarcely to be conceived; the old Baharnegash, in particular, kissed my hand with profound respect, saying, “You know every thing.”’

Our travellers departed from Massowah on the 14th of November, 1805, and narrowly escaped shipwreck on the 19th. The wind most providentially changed one point, or their destruction would have been inevitable. On the 25th they anchored in Arkeko bay, but were prevented from receiving any succour or supplies, owing to the capricious hostility of the natives. On the 9th of December they fortunately reached the harbour of Jidda. Here Lord V. details his reception by the Vizier, with his usual fondness for ceremonial particulars, which occupy too large a portion of the work. For instance, his lordship tells us that, at the Vizier’s levee, he had ‘*an old fashioned large elbow chair placed for him, opposite to the centre of the window, and that it was covered with very rich cushions, while plain English chairs were placed for the other gentlemen.*’

Lord Valentia and his friends at first found many impediments thrown in the way of procuring the requisite stores, &c. for the ship, but these various obstructions were gradually removed by presents to the Vizier and his subordinate agents. Lord V. however, did not succeed in obtaining two large pigs which he had seen at the Vizier’s gate, and which his lordship deemed very unfit inhabitants for so holy a place; but he was told by the Mussulmauns that the *smell of the swine did their horses good.*

'The houses at Jidda are far superior to those at Mocha. They are built of large blocks of very fine madrapore. The doorways are handsomely arched and covered with fret-work ornaments carved in the stone, not put on in plaster: the zig-zag so prevalent in the Saxon arch was the most common. The windows are numerous and large. I could not but be struck with the resemblance which exists between these arches and those in our cathedrals; some were pointed like the Gothic, including three semicircular windows; others, particularly those which were over the doors, were flat like the Saxon, and retired one within another, till the inner one was sufficiently small to receive the door, which is never large. Jidda is a new town; but these excellent houses are probably formed after the model of the more ancient habitations of Mecca. If so, the architecture we call Gothic existed in Arabia long before it was known in Europe.'

On December 25 our travellers paid their compliments to the Vizier. They were conducted to a large open court, at one end of which was an apartment carpeted and elevated.

'Close to the elevated apartment on the right entrance,' says his lordship with no small complacency, 'was the *seat of honour*, large enough to hold two. It had a covering of wood, and was ornamented with beautiful silk carpeting and cushions. I WAS SEATED HERE.'

Lord Valentia and his friends quitted the harbour of Jidda on the second of January, 1806. On the 26th they reached the anchoring ground of Suez. Lord V. informed the dola that it was his wish to depart for Cairo as soon as possible, and he begged his permission to hire camels for the journey, and to make an arrangement with the Arabs for his protection. Lord Valentia crossed the desert from Suez with a *kafila*, under the protection of Shech Chedid. Before their departure, his lordship says of this Arabian chief, that he drank abundance of brandy; but not satisfied with that, he afterwards added to it a few glasses of gin.

'I one day,' says his lordship, 'sent a dram to the door for his chief follower; he saw it, and said laughing, "Aye, I know he drinks, but he must not do it before me." This was a mark of respect due from an inferior to a superior, not to violate the law in his presence.' — Chedid 'frequently spoke of his family; told us, laughing, he had four wives, who beat him, and that he wished we would give him something to make him strong. He had one son and two daughters. I told him I would visit him. He said nothing would make him so happy; that he would give me plenty to eat, a horse to ride, and a tent to sleep in, but that he had nothing to drink but water. He said he was called the English Shech—that he loved the English, and only wished

that they had the country, instead of the Turks, who were all rascals. The Mamelukes were bad enough, but not so bad as they. He urged me frequently to tell him why we had not kept it, and when we meant to return. He assured me that all the Arab tribes were most anxious for us, but that they would be glad even to have the French, in preference to their present masters. An assertion which I firmly believe, for the common people were in a much better situation under the French government; for the impositions were then less, and grain cheaper, as all import was stopped by the activity of the British cruisers.'

Lord V. travelled from Suez in a takterouane, or species of palanquin, which is slung between two camels. The other gentlemen went in mohaffas, or a kind of little couches, two of which were slung sideways on the opposite sides of a camel, with an awning to keep off the sun. Both the takterouane and the mohaffas are represented as uneasy modes of travelling. Lord V. collected during the journey

'several beautiful specimens of Egyptian pebble, with which the whole road was covered, to the great annoyance of the camels. The only vegetable productions which I saw, were a few stunted mimosas, an artemisia, which is probably the absinthium of Bruce, an echium with a purple blossom, and an elegant but leafless spartium, with a purple and white blossom.'

On the 13th of February the kafila reached the highest ground between Suez and Cairo, when they had a view of the fertile plain of Egypt, dark with verdure, and permeated by the Nile. On the 16th Lord V. arrived at Cairo, and took up his residence in the British factory.

We shall be very brief in our notice of the remainder of his lordship's travels. Among the French who escorted him to the pyramids was one, who assured him that when Buonaparte visited the same spot, he had ordered a man to be let down with a cord into the well in this mysterious fabric; but, after he had descended to some depth, it was impossible to get him out, owing probably to some curve in the structure, or some fortuitous obstruction. Lord V. passed down the Nile to Rosetta, through a country which was, in general, highly cultivated and crowded with villages, but which afforded no variety of scene. In some conversation which Lord V. had here with M. Rosetti, this latter gentleman, who was consul to the emperors of Russia and Austria, and had long been resident in Egypt, informed his lordship that he knew Bruce well while in that country, and that he had begun to read his book, but had never finished it, from his

'many mistatements respecting Ali Bey, all the adventures with whom were, to his knowledge, romances. "You may know,"

said he, "that Bruce never saw Ali Bey, by the description he gives of the diamonds in his turban; every one will inform you that no Mameluke ever wore any jewels there; it is contrary to their custom."

As Lord V. was about to land at Alexandria, he must have been highly gratified, for he tells us, that 'the fort of Pharos began a salute of eleven guns, a compliment which is only paid to pachas of three tails.' The governor of Alexandria paid his lordship the compliment of 'turning out the guard, and meeting him himself at the door.' When his lordship left Alexandria to go to Damietta, he tells us that 'guards are not usually placed at the gates, but they were there, that they might turn out and salute me.' At Damietta the governor gave his lordship 'the seat of honour, and paid the usual compliments.'

'Damietta, which formerly was the paradise of Egypt, where the gardens abounded with groves of oranges and every fruit, where the finest rice was raised in the greatest profusion, is now totally changed, in consequence of the strength of the stream of the Nile having taken to the canal of Menouf, instead of passing to Damietta. The gardens have vanished, the rice fields are sown with wheat, and the inhabitants want even fresh water.'

On his return from Damietta, his lordship visited the ruins of Timai, but discovered no ancient remains of any consequence. He next inspected the ruins of Bahbeit, which D'Anville considers as the Isidis Oppidum of Pliny. These ruins consist of vast blocks of granite piled upon each other, and beautifully sculptured on one of the sides. Lord V. however says, that though the features in the basso-relievos are beautiful, the figures are out of all proportion, and display a total ignorance of anatomy.

Lord V. after making a short stay at Malta, and touching at Gibraltar, landed at Portsmouth on the 26th of October, after having been absent from England four years and four months.

We have now attended our noble traveller from the beginning to the end of his extensive travels, of which we have exhibited as copious an account as our limits would permit. We have made numerous extracts as we proceeded in the analysis of the work, from which the reader may form his own judgment on the execution. Lord Valentia has certainly added to the number of our *amusing* books. That performance must possess some merit where, in three quartos, the attention does not often flag during the perusal. The subject indeed, itself, which relates chiefly to countries which are, comparatively, but little known, must carry with it numerous

incitements to curiosity, whatever may be the merits of the book considered as a literary composition. Hence, perhaps, these three ample volumes may be read from the beginning to the end without much lassitude or *ennui*. Lord Valentia does not interrupt his narrative with abstract discussions, nor any profound reflections. He does not accordingly often set us a thinking; nor do we believe that he is himself famed for any very great stretch of the reflective faculty. Some travellers make their pages sicken with sentiment, but we have no reason to complain of any mixture of this ingredient in the present composition. Descriptive portraiture of the works of nature and of art are indeed often rendered more vivid and interesting, by the delicate touches of the moralist: these touches rarely if ever occur in the narrative of his lordship. We have noticed, with some slight marks of censure, though, we trust, without any illiberal severity of animadversion, the proneness of the noble author to detail various ceremonial minutiae, the experience of which might have been gratifying to his vanity at the time, but which, instead of interesting the reader, must rather tend to provoke his ridicule, or excite his disgust. In some parts of his work we discover a strong propensity to deprectate the labours of Bruce; and the author apparently feels rather more complacency, than the love of truth alone would excite, when he can correct the errors, contradict the statements, or expose the exaggerations of the Scottish traveller. We do not say that the accuracy of his lordship is not superior to that of Mr. Bruce; but we do not think that Mr. Bruce should be blamed for those errors, or misrepresentations, which were not the consequence of wilful falsehood, but of imperfect information. The question of accuracy in various particulars between Mr. Bruce and his lordship, or between Mr. Salt and Mr. Bruce, must be determined by some future traveller, who is indifferent to either. But we certainly do not approve any attempt in his lordship to establish his own credit by shaking the credibility of Mr. Bruce. His lordship's merit as a traveller is sufficiently great without being augmented by invidious comparisons. We shall not attempt to appretiate the different merits of Lord V. and Mr. Bruce, and if we did, we do not, at first sight, think that our estimate would be very unfavourable to his lordship, if we threw the talents of Mr. Salt into his lordship's scale. That part of the work which is composed from the journal of Mr. Salt possesses singular interest. Mr. Salt appears to be a modest, judicious, and enlightened man. His merit is of that unassuming kind, which constitutes the proof of its own reality. His narrative is never encumbered by superfluous, nor rendered insipid by frivolous details. He tells all that ought to be

told and no more; and he is an observer who keeps himself in the back ground, while he places others in the front. His taste is particularly seen, not merely in the sketches of his pencil, but in the topographical details of his pen. His well assorted selections of imagery enable us to see the ground that he passed, and he is one of the few *landscape-painters in words* whose descriptions do not render the object confused and indistinct. Let the reader carefully peruse the account which Mr. Salt has given of his journey from Massowah to Antalow, from Antalow to Axum, &c. and he will have very distinct ideas of the surface of country over which he passed, and of the prominent features of the surrounding view. Lord Valentia showed great discernment in the choice of his secretary, and he deserves ample praise for sending him into Abyssinia. We cannot but think that on this occasion the noble viscount deserves no small portion of the laurel which has been earned by Mr. Salt. His lordship seems to think that great commercial benefit will arise to this country from opening an intercourse with Abyssinia; but, supposing this benefit to be less than he imagines, it still must be regarded as considerable, from the facilities which it will afford to increase our acquaintance with the interior of Africa, and to unveil the mysterious shade which still envelops that portion of the habitable globe. The command of the Red Sea, which his lordship also seems anxious to recommend to the notice of the British government, would enable us to frustrate, in some degree, the designs of Buonaparte on our possessions in the east. A small naval force constantly kept up in that quarter would give us great influence in the political destiny of the countries which border on the eastern and the western shore of that sea. Nor is this a point of small moment in the present convulsed state of the political world. The Wahabee, who have now become a predominant party in Arabia, and who, by their reformed code, have carried the religion of Mahommed nearer to a scheme of pure theism, are likely totally to subvert the fabric of Mahomedanism in that part of the world; and as the spirit of conquest seems to mingle with their religious zeal, it is difficult to calculate the consequences which may ensue. If these Wahabee should become firmly attached to the French interest, they will be an ally of no small moment in determining the period of our Indian sway. At present it appears to be in the power of this country to conciliate this enterprising sect to the British interest. The Wahabee are said to have made repeated offers of amity and commerce to the Bombay government; but they have not yet experienced the attention which they deserve.

One of the merits of Lord Valentia, which it yet remains

for us to mention, is his perseverance in exploring the western coast of the Red Sea; and his chart will certainly diminish the dangers of future navigators in that intricate and perilous navigation. His lordship's voyages and travels, therefore, must be regarded as making some additions, not only to our knowledge of the manners of the east, but to our stock of nautical information. It is not our business to pry into the motives which might induce his lordship to undertake these long and distant peregrinations; our only concern is with the mode and merit of the execution. Few persons in his lordship's situation, with every object of luxury and comfort around them, would have engaged in such an enterprize, and we do not believe that many would have borne the difficulties and vexations attending it with more constancy and perseverance. It gives us great pleasure to praise his lordship, where praise is due; and if we have not been so profuse in our encomiums as some of our contemporaries, we trust that we have in no instance indulged in wanton censure nor malevolent asperity. Our review has been principally designed, not as an essay on his lordship's work, but as such an account of the book itself as may give a sufficient idea of its contents to those who have not the opportunity of perusing, or the means of purchasing, such an expensive publication.

ART. VI.—*An Exposition of the most interesting Circumstances attending the second Siege and Capitulation of Zaragoza.* By Don Pedro Maria Ric, Regent of the Royal Audience of Arragon. Translated from the Spanish, by William Bay; Esq. late his Majesty's Agent for Packets at Corunna; with an Appendix, containing the French Account. London. Ridgeway, 1809. pp. 48.

WE gave an account of Dr. Vaughan's excellent narrative of the first siege of Zaragoza, in the C. R. for February last, p. 201. The present description of the second siege is translated from the 'Semanario Patriotico' which is published at Seville. Dr. Vaughan's interesting history of the first siege had raised our expectations of the many singular and animating details of courage and of patriotism which this 'exposition' of Don Pedro Maria Ric would disclose. But we have seldom been more miserably disappointed; for instead of finding in this 'exposition of the most interesting circumstances attending the second siege and capitulation of Zaragoza' a regular statement of the memorable exploits during the siege,

only a few dispersed particulars of the capitulation are related, and those without perspicuity or animation. The French account of the siege, though it does not enumerate the particular instances of gallantry which were displayed by the Spaniards, yet excites a strong idea of the enthusiastic and desperate resistance which they made, by the account of the unusual methods to which the enemy were obliged to have recourse, in order to capture the city. We cannot, much as we wish, form any thing like a consistent and lucid narrative from this '*exposition*' of Don Pedro Maria Ric. The following is the best account which his confused and desultory details will allow us to communicate.

The French began the bombardment of the city on the 10th of January, and continued it for more than forty days, till a contagious fever broke out in the city, occasioned by the heaps of dead. The captain-general, Palafox, was himself seized with the distemper; when he transferred his authority to a commission or junta, which he formed on the night of the 18th and 19th of February. Of this junta Palafox appointed Don Pedro Maria Ric the president. At this time the fall of the place had become inevitable; as the enemy occupied various points within the city, and the Spaniards are said by the author to have had only two thousand eight hundred and twenty-two men fit for service. The majority of the junta, which was composed of thirty-four members, agreed that all further resistance would be vain. A flag of truce was sent to the French general, Marshal Lannes, who ordered the junta to wait upon him within two hours.

'The marshal,' says Don Pedro Maria Ric, 'was surrounded by general officers and various persons of inferior rank: he received the junta with extraordinary gravity, and after the usual formalities on both sides, took some turns about the room, treating it with the greatest indifference and even contempt.'

After the marshal had given sufficient vent to his anger and invective, he said, 'the women and children should be respected, and that the negociation was concluded.' Don Pedro Maria Ric replied, that it was not yet begun. The marshal called his secretary, and dictated the preamble of a capitulation. Don Pedro proposed that the garrison should march out with the honours of war. Lannes would not consent to any alteration in the words which he had dictated, but

'promised on his word of honour that the garrison should not only march out with military honours, but that the officers should retain their baggage, and the soldiers their knapsacks.'

Don Pedro proposed some other articles, and amongst the rest; that

'liberty should be guaranteed to General Don Joseph Palafox, to go wherever he pleased with all his staff; the marshal replied that a particular individual never was the subject of capitulation, but that he pledged his word of honour General Palafox should go wherever he wished, to Mallen, to Toledo;—and on my saying these places would not suit him, on account of being occupied by French troops, whose presence could not be agreeable, and moreover that I had understood he thought of proceeding to Majorca; Lannes gave his word of honour that he should go to whatever place was convenient to him. On the same security he offered to give a passport for myself and as many as wished to leave Zaragoza, in order to avoid the contagion, adding, that the article I proposed on this head was unnecessary, as he was desirous of terminating the capitulation, and that all who wished it might go out.

Whilst two copies of the capitulation were drawing up, Lannes produced a topographical plan of Zaragoza, pointing out the part which would have been blown up that night, for which purpose 44,000lbs. of powder were already lodged; this was to be followed by a bombardment from thirty mortars and seventy pieces of cannon, which at that time they were mounting in the suburb; (it was in fact known that a number of batteries and embrasures had been constructed in that quarter.) Immediately he changed his discourse, and descanted on the benefits lavished by the emperor and his brother Joseph, whose speech, in reply to that of the auxiliary Bishop of Madrid, he read. Nothing could be said against the account he gave of their conquests and victories, because the siege having been so rigorous, nothing was known of what occurred out of Zaragoza. He then held out a parcel of papers, which appeared to be French journals, but not one of the junta took, or even noticed them. Duplicates of the capitulation being signed, I withdrew with my companions, carrying a copy to lay before the other members of the junta, who accepted, ratified, and signed it, assured of the wish of the city. The junta resolved that I should try if the French general would grant some additions they considered necessary, which were, a statement in the capitulation of the honours of war, which on his word he had promised to the garrison; since otherwise they would not be mentioned in the gazettes, where the written capitulation only appears; it was also required that the peasants, who had been compelled to take arms in order to form temporary corps, should not be prisoners of war, since they ought not to be considered as regular soldiers, and besides would be a severe loss to manufactures and agriculture; lastly, on the petition of the clergy, an additional article was solicited, stipulating the punctual payment of their revenues from the funds assigned by the government, which to the junta appeared very proper, as without it the clergy would be reduced to indigence, as in

fact they have been, not receiving any dues except those arising from funerals. But hardly had I begun my proposals, in terms which neither could nor ought to have offended any one, when Marshal Lannes flew into a violent rage, and snatching the paper from me, threw it behind him into the fire, of which action it appears one of his generals was ashamed, since he stooped to rescue it from the flames.'

'Before the surrender took place, several French officers and soldiers, unarmed, entered in search of wine, and to walk about the city, and were received in a manner answerable to the capitulation, in the expectation that they would on their part observe it as they ought; but so far from that, they began that night the most atrocious pillage imaginable, continuing it with such effrontery that the day following they robbed publicly and without the least reserve; their licentiousness went still further, since the governor whom they had placed in Zaragoza having ordered the metropolitan chapter, prelates, curates, &c. to go and compliment the marshal, which was faithfully performed, the curate of San Lorenzo was robbed of his gown in the Plaza del Carmen, a friar of his hood, and another priest of his cape, tearing from him even his shoes.'

The French, with their usual moderation, demanded of the impoverished sufferers of this gallant city 50,000 pair of shoes, 8,000 pair of boots, 1,200 new shirts, and a large quantity of medicines, with every requisite for an hospital. It was intimated that the principal officers of the army expected a present, and that the sum or value of about eighty thousand dollars would be very acceptable to the general in chief. The jewels of our lady of Pilar were accordingly laid under contribution, and it is said that the whole became the property of the marshal, from whom, however, they have since been wrested by the avenging hand of death, on the banks of the Danube. Lannes kept his word of honour, with respect to suffering Palafox to retire whither he pleased, by sending him a prisoner into France !!!—This is a very meagre performance, and very unworthy of the celebrated event which it professes to describe.

ART. VII.—*Reflections upon the Tendency of a Publication entitled Hints to the Public and the Legislature on the Nature and Effect of Evangelical Preaching, by a Barrister. By the Rev. John Hume Spry, M.A. Minister of Christ's Church, Bath. 8vo. Rivington, 1809.*

THIS writer claims to be an orthodox divine, and on this claim he seems to value himself not a little. We are very

sorry to be able to give no very high commendation to the ingredients which go to constitute this character in the present times. The barrister prophecies, and as we fear with sufficient warranty, the eventual overthrow of the establishment by that sect which has taken to itself the denomination of *Evangelical*: and he points out, as this writer is himself obliged to allow in the most forcible and convincing manner, the fatal consequences which must inevitably attend the propagation of their unscriptural and *anti-moral* doctrines. The author of the Hints, says he,

‘ it will be readily allowed, has exposed the absurdity and the danger of the Calvinistic mode of expounding Scripture, with a strength of argument, and a felicity of illustration, which cannot fail to carry conviction with it. He has also succeeded in awakening in every reflecting mind sensations of disgust and alarm; disgust at the palpable misrepresentations which characterise the preaching of the Calvinists, and alarm at the powerful influence they are rapidly acquiring over the principles and conduct of the mass of the community.’

Doctor Hawker is given up, by this his brother minister, as richly deserving the very sound and severe castigation which he has received.

‘ The barrister,’ says the Rev. Mr. Spry, ‘ begins by very ably exposing the *immoral tendency of evangelical preaching*, holding up to merited reprobation the following extract from a work of Dr. Hawker’s:—“ I shall not declaim on the moral excellence of human nature, while our church prayers with one voice continually declare that we have no health, no excellence in us: neither shall I recommend human strength to exert itself in acts of moral virtue towards their own salvation.”—The dangerous consequence,’ he adds, ‘ of such language, when addressed to the lower orders, is ably commented upon; and it cannot be too strongly reprobated; for the doctrine, as it is generally understood by them, is notoriously false, and it leads directly to that evil against which, as a christian minister, Dr. Hawker is bound to contend.”

‘ But in putting down false doctrine,’ continues this writer, ‘ we must be careful to preserve the true; for if while we pull up the tares we root out the wheat also, the evil resulting from our labours will be greater than the good.’

He then proceeds to quote a passage from the Hints, which, together with the comment, we shall lay before the reader.

“ Taking the gospel for their guide, they were taught that this present world was a state of trial—that every man had certain talents committed to him, some ten, some five, some one.—That to whom much was given, from him much would be

required ; and that all were accountable hereafter for the abuse of the talents or means of improvement respectively received.— And the preacher of *that* gospel, when in those days he assembled his congregation together, exhorted them to an earnest and un-failing attention to this their future responsibility ; he urged them never to degrade that nature which God had dignified with the noble gift of reason, but so to act as not to shew themselves unworthy of that invaluable privilege, but apply it to the noble purposes for which it was bestowed.” *Hints, part 1, p. 7.*

Upon this passage Mr. Spry makes the following comment :

‘ The preacher who, when enforcing the necessity of moral goodness, under the sanction of a future responsibility, should make use of such language as this, would, I conceive, be understood to teach, that if man apply his natural reason to the purpose for which it was bestowed, he will want no other aid to enable him to perform his duty as a christian. *But surely this is going from one extreme to the other ;* and by instructing man to rely upon the unassisted strength of human nature, it as *effectually misleads him,* as does that doctrine which *dissuades him from all exertion,* by a misrepresentation of human weakness.”

We really must acknowledge ourselves unable to comprehend this mode of animadversion. The barrister says nothing of *natural reason*, nor does he make any mention of ‘ *the unassisted strength of human nature.*’ These are phrases introduced to perplex a proposition which to our understanding is most clear, that all men are responsible hereafter for the talents which *their Creator has respectively entrusted to their improvement*, and that a being whom God has dignified with the noble gift of reason ought never so to act as to shew himself unworthy of so inestimable a privilege. We cannot but confess ourselves greatly surprised to find a minister of the establishment, and one too who appears to pride himself upon his orthodoxy, representing this as going to *an extreme*, by which we may be *fatally misled*. We shall presently be at a loss to know what real christianity is, or where it is to be found.

Notwithstanding Mr. Spry joins so heartily in the reprobation bestowed on Dr. Hawker, we have not discovered any thing in the present pamphlet which would induce us to pronounce him to be much wiser, or that would lead us to judge in any respect more favourably either of his sentiments or his reasoning. The same absence of every thing that is conclusive in argument ; the same substitution of sound for sense ; the same indistinctness, evasion, and perplexity which characterise the theological productions of the evangelical doctor, may be found in the ‘ *Reflections*’ of this orthodox *Master of Arts*.

ART. VIII.—*Philosophical Transactions for 1809, Part I.*

I. The Cromian Lecture. On the Functions of the Heart and Arteries. By Thomas Young, M. D. For. Sec. R. S.

THE machinery of an animal body is so complicated, that it almost eludes the attempt to subject its moving powers to precise calculations; and we have no doubt that, in truth, experiment would shew a great difference to exist in the powers of every individual of the same species. Whilst, therefore, we do not discommend Dr. Young for undertaking so arduous a task as forms the subject of this lecture, we are inclined to adopt his conclusions with reserve, and not to think very highly of their practical utility.

Dr. Young, to determine the dimensions of the arterial system, adopts the measurements of Keil and others, which assume the diameter of the aorta to be $\frac{1}{4}$ of an inch; each arterial trunk to be divided into two branches, the diameter of which is $\frac{1}{126}$ of the trunk, and their joint areas to that of the trunk as 1.2586: 1. This division must be continued twenty-nine times; the length of the first segment being assumed to be nine inches, and the last only $\frac{1}{30}$ of an inch.

'If the length of the intermediate segments be a series of mean proportionals, each of them must be about one-sixth part shorter than the preceding, the mean length of the whole forty-six inches, the capacity to that of the first segment as 72. 71. to 1, and consequently the weight of the blood contained in the arterial system about 9.7 pounds.'

The heart it is supposed throws out at each pulsation an ounce and a half of blood, which, supposing the ventricles to contract 75 times in a minute, makes the mean velocity of the blood in the aorta eight inches and a half in a second. This of course diminishes as the area of the arterial system increases, so that it is esteemed to be no more in the last order of vessels than one ninety-third of an inch. Upon these data it is calculated that the resistance from friction in the arterial system (supposing the vessels filled with water) is equivalent to the pressure of a column of fifteen inches and a half, and for the capillary veins a fourth may be added, so that the whole friction for water is estimated at twenty inches.

But the resistance to viscid liquors is much greater than to water. Dr. Young supposes, therefore, that the resistance given to the motion of the blood is four times as great as to the motion of water, or equal to a column of 80 inches. This determination is, however, purely hypothetical. To his

quantity four-fifths of an inch are added for the effects of curvature.

The doctor next considers the pulse. The transmission of the pulsations of the heart through the length of the arteries, Dr. Y. compares to the motion of the waves on water. Assuming one of Dr. Hales's experiments as a foundation for reasoning, Dr. Y. gives to the transmission of the pulse a velocity of sixteen feet in a second, with which velocity it may easily happen that the pulse may appear to arrive at the most distant parts of the body apparently at the same time.

The force of the heart is computed to be equivalent to a column of water of about 108 inches; which implies a tension of somewhat less than three pounds for each inch of the circumference of the greatest section of the heart. The magnitude of the pulse must diminish in the smaller arteries in the subduplicate proportion of the increase of the joint areas, in the same manner as the intensity of sound is shewn to decrease in diverging from a centre in the subduplicate ratio of the quantity of matter affected by its motion at the same time.

Dr. Young next directs his inquiries into the functions which are to be attributed to the muscular fibres of the coats of the arteries, and thinks it demonstrable that they are much less concerned in the progressive motion of the blood than is commonly believed. We cannot pursue the doctor through his reasoning on this subject, and believe that he has bewilderer himself in the intricacies of his own mathematics. If a flexible tube be closed at one end, and it be grasped between the fingers, it requires no profundity of reasoning to comprehend that the fluid contained in it will flow out of the other end, with a momentum so much the greater as the fingers grasp the more strongly. We can see no difference between this case and that of the aorta, in which, when the ventricles have ceased to act, the semilunar valves are closed.

But we think it well observed by Dr. Young, that when

an artery appears to throb, or to beat more strongly than usual, the circumstance is only to be explained from its greater dilatation, which allows it to receive a greater portion of the action of the heart, in the same manner as an aneurism exhibits a very strong pulsation without any increase of energy, either in itself, or in the neighbouring vessels; and, on the other hand, when the pulsations of the artery of a paralytic arm become feeble, we cannot hesitate to attribute the change to its permanent contraction, since the enlargement and contraction of the blood-vessels of a limb are well known to attend the increase or diminution of its muscular exertions.

Dr. Young proceeds to consider the deviations from the natural state of the circulation; but the press of more important matter obliges us to refer those who are interested in these disquisitions to the paper itself. We believe that the doctor has attempted to apply mathematical calculations to subjects which refuse to submit to fixed laws, or which are at least so complicated as to baffle all attempts at calculation. The forces of life we believe to be forces perpetually varying; varying even every hour according to the varying condition of the system; varying, for example, according to the state of the stomach, the temperature of the atmosphere, the influence of the passions, and even the position of the body. What can be done by experiment Dr. Hales has already done in his invaluable hæmastatical experiments; and, if Dr. Young's labours be accurately examined, they will be found to amount to little more than an attempt to adapt his formulæ to the conclusions at which his great predecessor had already arrived.

II. An Account of some Experiments performed with a View to ascertain the most advantageous Method of constructing a voltaic Battery, for the Purposes of chymical Research.

By John George Children, Esq. F.R.S.

Mr. Children made a voltaic battery with very large plates of copper and zinc: the number was twenty, and each plate four feet high by two feet wide. On comparing the effect of this battery with one of the common construction, consisting of two hundred pairs of plates, it appeared that the large battery had comparatively much less intensity of action. It caused no divergence of the leaves of an electrometer, gave no shock, barely fused ten inches of iron wire, and had not the power to decompose barytes. In all these points the superior efficacy of the common battery was strikingly contrasted. Mr. Children concludes, from this comparison, that the effect of a voltaic apparatus is in a compound ratio of the number, and size of the plates; the intensity of the electricity being as the former, the quantity given out, as the latter, consequently regard must be had, in its construction, to the purposes for which it is designed. For general purposes, plates of four inches square will be found the most convenient.

III. The Bakerian Lecture. An Account of some new analytical Researches into the Nature of certain Bodies, particularly the Alkalies, Phosphorus, Sulphur, carbonaceous Matter, and the Acids hitherto undecomposed; with some general Observations on Chymical Theory. By Humphry Davy, Esq. Sec. R. S. F.R.S. Edin. and M. R. J. U.

This lecture contains an account of experiments, some of which, as the writer informs us, have been long in progress, and others recently instituted. Mr. Davy relates,

1. *Experiments on the Action of Potassium on Ammonia, and Observations on the Nature of these two Bodies.*

When ammonia is brought in contact with potassium, the metal becomes white on its surface by the formation of a crust of potash, and the gas is slightly diminished. By heating the potassium, the crust changes from white to a bright azure, which gradually passes through shades of bright blue and green into dark olive. The crust and metal then fuse together with effervescence, and the potassium is finally converted into a dark olive-coloured substance.

M. M. Gay, Lussac, and Thenard have asserted that the quantity of hydrogen produced is the same as would have resulted from the action of potassium upon water. Mr. Davy has found it to be very nearly so, but still rather less; and the quantities generated have always appeared to be equal for equal quantities of metal. The following are the principal properties of the olive-coloured substance. Besides, "being crystalized and semi-transparent in thin films,

' 2. It is fusible at a heat a little above that of boiling water, and if heated much higher, emits globules of gas.

' 3. It appears to be considerably heavier than water, for it sinks rapidly in oil of sassafras.

' 4. It is a non-conductor of electricity.

' 5. When it is melted in oxygen gas, it burns with great vividness, emitting bright sparks. Oxygen is absorbed, nitrogen is emitted, and potash, which from its great fusibility seems to contain water, is formed.

' 6. When brought in contact with water, it acts upon it with much energy, produces heat, and often inflammation, and evolves ammonia. When thrown upon water, it disappears with a hissing noise, and globules from it often move in a state of ignition upon the surface of the water. It rapidly effervesces and deliquesces in air, but can be preserved under naphtha, in which, however, it softens slowly, and seems partially to dissolve. When it is plunged under water, filling an inverted jar, by means of a proper tube, it disappears instantly with effervescence, and the non-absorbable elastic fluid liberated is found to be hydrogen gas.

From the rapidity with which this substance attracts moisture, it is not possible to determine precisely the increase of weight which potassium receives from being heated in contact with ammonia; but Mr. Davy is persuaded that the weight of the olive-coloured substance, and of the hydrogen

disengaged, precisely equals the weight of the potassium, and ammonia consumed.

This olive-coloured substance, as has been said, parts with gas by the application of heat. The nature of the gas varies according to the circumstances of the experiment, particularly with regard to the presence or absence of water. When precautions are taken to avoid moisture, the products are a very minute quantity of ammonia, and elastic fluids, of which $11\frac{1}{2}$ cubic inches, mixed with a due proportion of oxygen gas, were reduced by the electric spark to $5\frac{1}{2}$. In another experiment $19\frac{3}{4}$ inches were found to contain 1 cubic inch of ammonia, and of the residuary gas, the destructible portion was to the indestructible, as 2.5 to 1. But when water is present, either from the ammonia having been brought in contact with mercury in its common state of dryness, or if water be by any means purposely introduced, the quantity of ammonia is greatly increased, and the other gases proportionally diminished, so that Mr. Davy

is inclined to believe that if moisture could be introduced only in the proper proportion, the quantity of ammonia generated would be exactly equal to that which disappeared in the first process; and moreover, 'that the fusible substance heated out of the presence of moisture is incapable of producing volatile alkali.'

These considerations explain the results obtained by the French chymists, who obtained from this substance much ammonia, and small quantities only of hydrogen and nitrogen.

The residuum of the fusible substance, heated out of the contact of moisture, is black, perfectly opaque, and brittle; it is a conductor of electricity, it inflames spontaneously in the atmosphere, burning with a deep red light, and when acted upon by water, it heats, effervesces most violently, and evolves volatile alkali, leaving behind nothing but potash. In this process a little inflammable gas is found to be generated.

The theory which the phenomena suggested seemed very simple. Supposing ammonia, like the other alkalies, to be an oxide, it seemed that the residuum was a compound of potassium, a little oxygen and nitrogen, or a suboxide of potassium and nitrogen. Water therefore might be supposed to form potash, by parting with some of its oxygen, and ammonia, by the union of another portion of oxygen and its hydrogen with nitrogen.

To ascertain this, Mr. D. executed some very delicate experiments, by which he proved that from a residuum obtained

originally from six grains of potassium, four cubical inches and a half of gas may be procured.

By inflaming a similar residuum in oxygen gas, two cubical inches and a half were absorbed, and only one cubical inch and one tenth of nitrogen evolved. It ought to have been, by calculation, more than twice as much; neither was ammonia nor nitrous acid to be detected to account for the deficiency. To elucidate the inquiry, Mr. Davy collected the gas which escapes from the residuum, by a very strong heat; an inflammable elastic fluid was obtained, which gave much more diminution by detonation with oxygen than that produced from ammonia by electricity; not a particle of nitrogen was procured, and the tube employed was found to contain both true potash and potassium.

This extraordinary result induced Mr. Davy to submit the entire fusible substance to the same process, and the gaseous products were ammonia, and a gas of which the portion destructible by detonation with oxygen was to the indestructible as 2.7. to 1. In the tube was found both potassium and potash. And by a calculation on the weights of different products, supposing the analysis of ammonia by electricity at all approaches towards accuracy, there is in the process described a considerable loss of nitrogen, and a production of oxygen and inflammable gas. And in the action of water on the residuum, there is an apparent generation of nitrogen.

'How then can,' says Mr. Davy, 'these extraordinary results be explained?' Several hypotheses have presented themselves to his mind; but the proper solution of the difficulties which at present embarrass the subject he proposes to make the subject of new labours.

Mr. Davy next presents us with

3. Analytical Experiments on Sulphur.

Sulphur being a non-conductor, cannot be analyzed by the opposite electricities of the voltaic battery, but still the intense heat connected with the electrified surfaces might be expected to effect some alteration in it. Accordingly Mr. Davy has found that by exposing it to the action of a powerful battery, a gas was separated which proved to be sulphurated hydrogen; and the sulphur, from being of a pure yellow, became of a deep red-brown tint. It follows from this that sulphur contains hydrogen. Mr. Davy next details some experiments, to show that it also contains oxygen. The following consideration Mr. Davy seems to think decisive.

Whenever equal quantities of potassium were combined with unequal quantities of sulphur, and exposed afterwards to the action of muriatic acid, the largest quantity of sulphurated hy-

Hydrogen was furnished by the product containing the smallest proportion of sulphur, and in no case was the quantity of gas equal in volume to the quantity of hydrogen, which would have been produced by the mere action of potassium upon water.

This prevention of the development of hydrogen is presumed to proceed from the action of oxygen; and from the general tenour of the various facts there seems ground for the assumption that sulphur is a combination of small quantities of hydrogen and oxygen, with a large proportion of some unknown and acidifiable basis. It cannot be said however, that a proper analysis of sulphur has been hitherto effected.

4. Analytical Experiments on Phosphorus.

These are in every respect analogous to those performed on sulphur, and the results similar. Phosphoretted hydrogen was separated by the action of a powerful voltaic battery; and from the deficient quantity of this gas, produced by diluted muriatic acid upon the compound formed by potassium and phosphorus, Mr. Davy infers the existence of a small quantity of oxygen.

5. On the States of the carbonaceous Principle in Plumbago, Charcoal, and the Diamond.

These experiments are not very interesting, and the conclusions drawn from them seem to rest on probabilities; and more facts are requisite for the confirmation of them.

6. Experiments on the Decomposition and Composition of the Boracic Acid.

Boracic acid is decomposed by the voltaic battery, but the matter which may be suspected to be its radical is a non-conductor, and it could be obtained only in very thin films upon the platina. Potassium gives a more satisfactory result; heated with boracic acid, borate of potash is formed, and a dark-coloured matter similar to that produced from the acid by electricity. It appears that eight grains of boracic acid are sufficient to destroy the inflammability of twenty grains of potassium. This new inflammable substance appears as a pulverulent mass of the darkest shades of olive, opaque, friable, and a non-conductor of electricity; it takes fire at a low temperature; burning with a red light, and scintillations like charcoal; by combustion in oxygen, oxymuriatic and nitric acid, it is converted into boracic acid.

As a large quantity of potassium is necessary to decompose a small quantity of boracic acid, it is evident that the acid must contain a large proportion of oxygen. Mr. Davy has attempted to ascertain this proportion. By one experiment it appeared that boracic acid consists nearly of one part

of the combustible substance and two of oxygen. Another experiment gave the proportion as 1 to 1.8. But it is allowed that these results are only approximation to the truth.

This matter obtained from boracic acid bears the same relation to that substance as sulphur and phosphorus do to the sulphuric and phosphoric acids; and, like the former substances, Mr. Davy suspects it to be a compound, and to contain oxygen. If a small globule of potassium is heated with four or five times its weight of this substance, some alkali was produced, and an alloy was formed with the potassium. It seems capable also of forming an alloy with iron (after the separation of its oxygen); and Mr. D. considers the substance which enters into the alloys as the true basis of the boracic acid. It can exist in the three states of oxygenation. The boracic basis itself is probably metallic, and Mr. Davy would affix to it the name of *boracium*. As it has not been exhibited in its separate and metalline form, is not this carrying hypothesis further than is allowable by the correct rules of philosophizing?

7. Analytical Inquiries respecting Fluoric Acid.

Potassium burns it fluoric acid. After combustion the acid is found to be absorbed or destroyed; a mass of a chocolate colour remains at the bottom of the retort in which the combustion has been performed, and a sublimate, in some parts chocolate, and in others yellow, is formed round its sides and at its top. Some hydrogen is evolved during the process, which varies according as the acid contains more or less water. This matter is inflammable in oxygen, and it also decomposes water. On examination, the water was found to contain potash and fluete of potash. There was a solid residuum, which burnt in oxygen before it had attained a red heat; acid matter was produced by the combustion, and a solid matter having the properties of that formed from fluoric acid gas, holding siliceous earth in solution. Mr. Davy concludes that the evidence is not decisive, that the inflammable part of this last described matter is the pure basis of the fluoric acid;

but with respect to the decomposition of this body by potassium, and the existence of its basis, at least combined with a smaller proportion of oxygen in the solid product generated, and the regeneration of the acid by the ignition of this product in oxygen gas, it is scarcely possible to entertain a doubt.

8. Analytical Experiments on Muriatic Acid.

These experiments have led to some curious and important results, but they have failed to detect the muriatic basis. Potassium apparently decomposes muriatic acid gas; the products are muriate of potash and hydrogen gas; but it appear-

ed by a decisive experiment that the hydrogen is furnished by water, which seems to be a constituent of the acid gas. This gas cannot be obtained from substances which have been artificially deprived of water. New compounds are formed, which have hitherto been very slightly examined. Oxymuriatic acid contains very little water. Mr. Davy burnt some phosphorus in this gas; no gaseous muriatic acid was evolved in this operation, but two products were formed, one of which (a sublimate) Mr. Davy considers to be a combination of muriatic and phosphoric acids in their dry state; the other (a fluid) he regards as a compound of phosphorus and muriatic acids, both free from water.

The action of potassium upon the new compounds containing dry muriatic acid is very striking. Explosions are produced so violent as to make it necessary to operate only on very minute quantities of the materials, and when a small result was at length obtained, the matter still inflamed spontaneously, and exploded violently with water. It may be reasonably suspected that the basis of the muriatic acid is concerned in these phenomena, but the direct proof of its existence in these compounds must be still a matter of inquiry.

9. Some general Observations, with Experiments.

We must content ourselves with extracting the concluding remarks, which contain an epitome of the new views suggested by Mr. Davy's multifarious, interesting, and laborious experiments.

The facts advanced in this lecture afford no new arguments in favour of an idea to which I referred in my last communication to the society, that of hydrogen being a common principle in all inflammable bodies; and except in instances which are still under investigation, and concerning which no precise conclusions can as yet be drawn, the generalization of Lavoisier happily applies to the explanation of all the new phenomena.

In proportion as progress is made towards the knowledge of pure combustible bases, so in proportion is the number of metallic substances increased; and it is probable that sulphur and phosphorus, could they be perfectly deprived of oxygen, would belong to this class of bodies. Possibly their pure elementary matter may be procured by distillation, at a high heat, from metallic alloys in which they have been acted upon, by sodium or potassium. I hope soon to be able to try this experiment. As our inquiries at present stand, the great general division of natural bodies is into matter which is, or may be supposed to be, metallic, and oxygen; but till the problem concerning the nature of nitrogen is fully solved, all systematic arrangements made upon this idea must be regarded as premature.

We must take the liberty ourselves of remarking that as yet the analysis of bodies by the agency of electricity, though it has led to results which are truly wonderful, has thrown little light upon the real constitution of the different forms of matter. It has shewn that the affinities of bodies are not constant, and that the bodies hitherto regarded as elements are compounds. But the number of elements (or what we must deem such) is as great as ever; and the difficulty of separating these real elements (which, it is probable, are very few) seems rather augmented than diminished.

The unremitting activity of Mr. Davy's labours almost outstrips our power of duly recording his experiments and following the thread of his reasonings. In truth, every section of this lecture may be regarded as a distinct memoir, and merits as ample a detail as under our limits we can afford to the whole; and the whole ought to occupy the space which we can spare to this portion of the transactions of the past year. If our account, therefore, is less perfect than may be necessary to gratify the curiosity of our chymical friends, they will, we trust, make a due allowance for the difficulty of duly discharging our duty, without encroaching on the patience of the general reader. Those periodical publications which please to exercise their judgment or their caprice, in selecting the subjects of their comments, have in this respect a great advantage over us. Such publications may be very amusing, or very instructive, but they are not *Reviews*, and the assumption of the name is a species of fraud on the public, an injustice to the great body of British authors, and an injury to the writers whose duty it is really to review *all* the respectable works which issue from the press.

IV. An Account of a Method of dividing Astronomical and other Instruments, by ocular Inspection, in which the usual Tools for graduating are not employed; the whole Operation being so contrived that no Error can occur but what is chargeable to Vision, when assisted by the best optical Means of viewing and measuring minute Quantities. By Mr. Edward Troughton, communicated by the Astronomer Royal.

We greatly admire the candid, plain, and tradesman-like manner in which Mr. Troughton has given an account of the very useful and ingenious instrument of his own invention. He has prefixed an interesting narrative of the methods that have been or which are in use for the purpose of graduating circular instruments, of the difficulties which embarrass the operation, and the advantages or defects of each method. We cannot doubt the superior excellence of Mr. Troughton's instrument, and applaud the liberality of its inventor, which has

prompted him to make it public. But to us it has been a matter of some difficulty perfectly to comprehend it, assisted as we have been by a reference to the diagrams appended to the paper. We cannot therefore pretend to convey any adequate idea of it to our readers.

V. A Letter on a Canal in the Medulla Spinalis of some Quadrupeds. In a Letter from Mr. William Sewell to Everard Home, Esq. F. R. S.

Some anatomists would have written a volume on this discovery, instead of confining the account of it to a couple of pages, as Mr. Sewell has modestly done. The canal in question leads from the sixth ventricle of the brain (corresponding to the fourth in the human subject), and runs through the centre of the spinal marrow, and terminates imperceptibly in the cauda equina. It is large enough to admit a large pin; and is filled with a colourless transparent fluid. It has been found in the horse, bullock, sheep, hog, and dog.

VI. A numerical Table of elective Attractions, with Remarks on the Sequences of double Decompositions. By Thomas Young, M. D. For. Sec. R. S.

Fourcroy has enumerated twelve hundred cases of double decomposition of the earthy and alkaline neutral salts. On this foundation Dr. Young has taken very considerable pains in investigating a series of numbers, to express the force of attraction of acids with each base, and also of the base with each acid, and has obtained such as appear to agree sufficiently well with the cases which are fully established, the exceptions not exceeding twenty. He acknowledges, however, some imperfections, and indeed it may be doubted whether it is practicable to form such a table free from objections. It is obvious that in the action of the menstruum, the water is quite overlooked. It is commonly assumed that the decompositions are perfect, which is seldom or never the case. Triple compounds are almost wholly excluded. Notwithstanding these difficulties, we regard the attempt at discovering numerical representatives of affinities as useful, always considering the results merely as an approximation to the truth.

VII. Account of the Dissection of a human Fœtus, in which the Circulation of the Blood was carried on without a Heart. By Mr. B. C. Brodie. Communicated by Everard Home, Esq. F. R. S.

Several instances of this remarkable deviation from the natural structure are to be found in the records of morbid anatomy. But the present, the circumstances of which are very minutely related by Mr. Brodie, is still worthy of being added to the catalogue, as the fœtus had attained to its ordinary growth, whereas almost all the others are described to

have been of a very diminutive size. This production was one of twins, of which the mother was delivered in the seventh month of pregnancy. Both fœtuses were born dead, but the other was of the natural formation. The thorax and abdomen were surrounded by a large shapeless mass, formed by two cysts under the integuments covering the back part of the neck and thorax, distended by three pints of a watery fluid. Both the hands and feet were defective. The external nostrils were only two folds of skin, and the orifices of the internal nostrils were pervious only for half an inch. There was a hare lip, and a cleft in the bony palate.

The brain seemed to be natural, but in the thorax there was neither heart, thymus gland, nor pleura. The lungs consisted of two rounded bodies, one-third of an inch in diameter, with a smooth surface, and composed internally of a dense cellular substance. The œsophagus terminated in a cul de sac. The rest of the thorax was filled with a dense cellular substance: a membranous septum supplied the place of the diaphragm. In the abdomen the stomach had no cardiac orifice. There was an imperfect cœcum, and the colon was destitute of its ordinary peculiarities. The spleen and venal capsules were natural. There was a peritonœum, but no omentum; nor was there any liver or gall bladder. The kidneys, bladder, penis, and testicles had the usual appearance.

What then was the course of the circulation, and how was it performed? The umbilical chord consisted of two vessels only, an artery and a vein. The artery entered the aorta in the usual situation of the left umbilical artery, and the aorta running upwards gave off the subclavian and carotid arteries, without forming an arch. The corresponding veins terminated in the vena cava, which accompanied the aorta, passed downwards before the right kidney to the groin, and, being reflected upwards, was continued into the vein of the chord. Thus in the fœtus there was no communication between the trunks of the venous and arterial systems, as in the natural state. The only communication between them was by means of the capillary branches anastomosing as usual in the fœtus and in the placenta.

‘The blood,’ says Mr. Brodie, ‘must have been propelled from the placenta to the child, through the artery of the chord, and must have been returned to the placenta by means of the vein, so that the placenta must have been at once the source and the termination of the circulation, and the blood must have been propelled by the action of the vessels only.’

The placenta in the fœtal state performs the office of the

lungs. In this fetus the whole of the venous blood circulated through the placenta, and was exposed to the influence of the arterial blood of the mother. Though the circulation, therefore, must have been more languid than usual, the greater quantity which was sent to the placenta compensated for a more feeble circulation, and effected the changes necessary for the maintenance of fetal life. In all the cases in which the heart has been found wanting, the liver has been wanting also.

‘It is probable,’ as Mr. Brodie remarks, ‘that the action of the vessels only, without the assistance of the heart, would have been insufficient to propel the blood through the circulation of the liver, which is so extensive in the natural fetus.’

VIII. On the Origin and Formation of Roots. In a Letter from T. A. Knight, Esq., F. R. S. to the Right Hon. Sir Joseph Banks, K. B. F. R. S.

The object of Mr. Knight's present communication is to shew that the roots of trees are always generated by the vessels which pass from the cotyledons of the seed, and from the leaves, through the leaf-stalks and the bark, and that they never spring immediately from the alburnum. The radicle of the seed is commonly supposed to be analogous to the root of the plant, and to become the root during germination. But Mr. K. observes that roots elongate by the growth of their extremities, and not by the extension of parts previously organised; the radicle, however, elongates in the latter manner, as is obvious by the familiar fact of seeds being thrust upwards out of the mould in which they are placed to vegetate. The proper root of the plant comes first into existence during the germination of the seed, and springs from the point of what is called the radicle. At this period the alburnum does not exist, and it cannot therefore give origin to the root; but the cortical vessels are filled with sap, and in full action, and through these the sap appears to descend which gives existence to the true root.

The leaf-stalks of many plants possess the power of emitting roots, a power which cannot reside in the alburnum, since the leaf-stalk contains none. The bark of some trees, as of the vine, emits roots; if a portion be taken off in a circle round the stem, and any very moist body be applied, many roots will soon spring from the bark of the upper portion of the decorticated space, but none from below; but buds are usually protruded beneath, but never immediately above it.

Mr. Knight relates a curious experiment upon the apple
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tree, in which the same excrescences were made to produce roots or buds according to the mode in which they were treated. When in young plants these excrescences were simply covered with mould, roots were emitted. Others were similarly treated, except that the tops were cut off; and those buds sprang from the spaces and points which would have afforded roots. The tops of these trees having been divided into pieces of ten inches long, were planted as cuttings; and roots sprang from the lowest excrescences beneath the soil, and from the uppermost of those above it.

Tuberous-rooted plants, Mr. Knight observes, offer an apparent rather than a real obstacle to his hypothesis. The tuber differs little from a branch which has dilated instead of extending itself, except in its capacity of retaining life. The runners on which they are formed are similar in organization to the stem of the plant, and may be converted into perfect stems, by diverting into them the current of ascending sap. The buds on every part of the stem may be made to generate tubers; such Mr. K. has frequently seen emitted by a reproduced bud, without the calix of a blossom, which had failed to produce fruit; but he has never, under any circumstances, been able to obtain tubers from the fibrous roots of the plants.

IX. On the Nature of the intervertebral Substance in Fish and Quadrupeds. By Everard Home, Esq. F. R. S.

In cutting into the intervertebral substance of a *squalus maximus*, a limpid fluid rushed out with so much velocity, that it rose to the height of four feet. By making a longitudinal section of two contiguous vertebrae a cavity was discovered, capable, in this large fish, of containing three pints of fluid: the lateral parts are ligamentous and elastic, uniting together the edges of the concave surfaces of the two vertebrae.

The nature of this joint is different, says Mr. Home, from every other that is met with in animal bodies, and there are many circumstances respecting it which render it uncertain whether human ingenuity can ever make any resemblance to it, that can be applied to the purpose of mechanics.

Mr. H. proceeds to take a particular view of the effects of this structure, which are, however, sufficiently obvious. Fish in general, we are informed, have similar concavities between their vertebrae. In the sturgeon, besides some peculiarities in the structure of the vertebrae,

there is a chain of cavities in the form of lozenges, containing a fluid, and communicating with one another by very small aper-

tures, bearing a slight similarity to the intervertebral cavities of the spine in other fish.

In the whale tribe this structure is not found; the intervertebral substance is the same as in quadrupeds in general.

In some quadrupeds, however, this cavity has been discovered. The hog and the rabbit afford examples of it. But there is great variety of structure in different tribes of animals; insomuch, 'that the means employed for the motion of the back bone in different animals comprehends almost every species of joint with which we are acquainted.'

An attempt at an analysis of the fluid contained in this cavity, by Mr. William Brande, is added to Mr. Home's paper. We think that it shows clearly how unsatisfactory are the results of reagents upon animal fluids. By this mode of analysis, the fluid seemed to be formed principally of animal mucilage; but by evaporation an albuminous matter was separated. Mr. Brande concludes that,

'from these experiments it would appear that the intervertebral fluid is of a peculiar nature; that in its original properties it resembles mucus, but that under certain circumstances it is capable of being converted into modifications of gelatine and albumen.'

ART. IX.—*The Goblin Groom; a Tale of Dunse.* By R. O. Fenwick, Esq. Edinburgh, Lawrie; Ridgway, London. Royal 4to. pp. 125 pr. 15s. 1809.

THE author inscribes this *metrical romance* to 'those admirers of English poetry who wish to see it restored to its ancient style of pathos;' and we have no doubt that he will meet with the liberal patronage which his exertions deserve from so numerous and respectable a class of readers. Considering the restoration here spoken of (a restoration as well entitled to public thanksgiving in our churches as that 'blessed' one of our religious sovereign lord, Charles the Second) in the light of a mechanical operation of the genius, Mr. Fenwick has done more, perhaps, than any of his predecessors in the trade; that is to say, he has reduced their conceptions to somewhat more of a settled rule of composition, and so far greatly facilitated the practice of it by the unlearned writer. But beyond this he does not appear to have ventured; and there is not, we believe, a sentence or an expression in the beautiful poem that is not strictly sanctioned by the usage;

our most approved authors in the same delectable style. For instance, in the introduction to canto first (inscribed 'to Walter Marrowfat, gardener to his grace the D—of B—h), the reader whose natural taste has been poisoned by the factitious beauties of Pope and Dryden may be apt to doubt whether the following description of a garden-gate can be strictly called poetical :

'Of all the gates so wondrous fair
Here round the princely dwelling,
My Watty's gate, beyond compare,
All these is far excelling !'

Yet there are very few readers who need to be reminded that what strikes them as low, when applied to the entrance of a duke's garden, was judged by one of the first masters in the art to be fully answerable even to the painting of a royal palace. The same depraved imagination might have been, in like manner, inclined to attribute too much minuteness and *petitesse* of sentiment to the very exact picture of a hunting-club's dinner presented by lines like these :

VII.

'Four-and-twenty huntsmen keen
Round the table sat, I ween ;
Four-and-twenty footmen neat
Plied the beer and served the meat :
Landlady and daughter fair
Paid their due obedience there.
Well, I ween, each gallant youth
Cast an eye upon the maid ;
Each thought his look, in real truth,
By the maiden's well repaid :
One alone of all the crew
More than all the others knew :
What he knew I may not tell,
But the maiden knew full well.

VIII.

Fish from Dunbar's rocky shore,
Stood the president before,
If my memory do not fail,
Sent by noble L——le.
In the centre, soup was seen
Smoking from a vase of snow :
Beef at bottom, fat and lean,
Beef of Indian buffalo.
This was sent by T——le's peer
To augment the sportsman's cheer ;

T—le, sprung from mighty H—y,
Foremost in the border day;
Tarts and pastry sent, I ween,
By the lady de G——nt.

But the most fastidious reader will not hastily condemn this numerical precision and culinary exactness as superfluous or prosaic, when he recollects that they have their prototypes in the very best exemplars of modern ballad writers. 'Gentlemen are not now to be informed' that this is the genuine verd-antique of poetry, and not to be stigmatized as either vulgar or pedantic. The picture of Marmion himself is not more just or more particular than that of the Goblin Groom,

'He was of little form and tight;
His weight, if man, had been full light:
In short, he was a sportsman aprite.
A pea-green jerkin on his back,
All dabbled by a splashing hack;
His dirty boots, his leathers long
With crimson whip-cord tied;
His straight-neck'd spurs, and heavy thong,
Proclaim'd him form'd to ride:
And he had ridden far that day,
For he was splash'd and daub'd with clay.'

We shall cite but one example more to support our assertion, that, admirable as is our author's imitation of the ancient simplicity, he has in no respect exceeded the bounds set before him by preceding imitators.

Into the river, broad and deep,
Beneath old Borham's ruin'd keep,
Where the descent appears most steep,
The gallant pack have dash'd;
In likewise dash'd the elf and horse,
Quite heedless of the torrent's force;
And as they stemm'd the river's course,
His tail the poney lash'd.
The Goblin Groom now scream'd a scream,
For goblins hate a running stream;
And if the truth my records say,
The elfin poney neigh'd a neigh.'

While making this last quotation, it suddenly struck us, we know not wherefore, that we had, perhaps, been mistaking the nature of this poem, and that it was really intended to be a burlesque upon the metrical bards of the nineteenth century. Upon a closer examination, we feel convinced that this is the case; but, really, no burlesque ever bore a more strict resemblance to its originals. The notes, too, are composed

with an air of profound gravity, which renders their irony the more imposing and severe. But the description of the extraordinary chase at which the goblin fiend assisted, though interspersed with many strokes of humour (some of them very palpable hits), seems to us to afford evidence of poetical genius superior to mere travesty, however successful. The spirit with which this part of the poem is executed inclines us strongly to lay some further extracts before our readers; but, reflecting that to quote more largely from so small a work would be entirely to forestall the pleasure which the perusal of it may convey, we shall here put a period to our article.

ART. X.—*An Attempt to shew the Folly and Danger of Methodism. In a series of Essays, first published in the weekly Paper called the Examiner, and now enlarged with a Preface and additional Notes. By the Editor of the Examiner. London, John Hunt, Examiner Office, Beaufort Buildings, 1809. 8vo. pp. 110. 2s. 6d.*

WE read these essays when they first appeared in the Examiner, and thought that they displayed considerable intelligence and acuteness of remark. Mr. Hunt seems to have adopted an opinion, which we have long entertained, that the only efficacious mean which can be devised to check the increase of methodism, is an enlightened reformation of the liturgy and articles of the church of England. The reformation was begun in the reign of Henry the VIIIth, and was matured, at least as far as it is at present, in the reign of his successor Edward the Sixth. Some few trifling alterations have indeed been made since; but the *doctrines* of the liturgy and the articles remain as they were established in the time of the last Edward. Biblical learning, like learning of every other species, has made a great and rapid progress since the year 1548, when the committee of select divines were appointed by Edward the Sixth to inspect the ancient liturgies, and to compile a new.—But the church, unlike the state, has derived hardly any benefit from the increased and increasing knowledge of the times. Our political constitution has received various improvements, by which it has been gradually accommodated to those more enlarged notions of liberty, which philosophy and a free press have introduced; but our ecclesiastical system is still deformed with all its pristine vestiges of poverty and superstition, of unscriptural dogmas and uncharitable creeds. Our civil code has been often purified from the taint of ignorance and barbarism; but our

religious code is suffered to retain the errors of comparatively heathenish and savage times. The liturgy, the homilies, and the articles, which were composed in the middle of the sixteenth century, before the Scriptures were critically understood, or the press was free, are still suffered to fetter the minds and to enslave the consciences of the most enlightened scholars and divines, who are living in the first decade of the nineteenth century. This Mr. Stone has experienced to his cost. That gentleman has been deprived of his preferment, and, in his old age, and with a large family turned adrift on the wide world to beg his bread, merely because he was so impolitic as to deliver his honest sentiments on the very doubtful point of the miraculous incarnation. Mr. Stone thought this an unscriptural doctrine, and he combated it with what he believed scriptural arguments. Yet for this offence, which in better times would have received another name, he was most unrelentingly persecuted by that very church, which in one of her articles asserts the *Scriptures to be the only rule of faith*. While these things are, and while the majority of the English hierarchy support the unscriptural and superstitious tenets of the early reformers in the comparatively dark and intolerant period of the 16th century, with what weapons can a clergyman of the establishment combat the evil genius of methodism? How can he expel it from the sanctuary of the church, or from the popular belief, while it has its strong hold in the liturgy, the articles, and homilies? For, however unpalatable the truth may be, we, who are plain-speaking men, do not hesitate to assert, and, if it were necessary, would undertake to prove, that the opinions of the early reformers, who composed the book of common prayer, are precisely the same as those of the modern methodists. The early reformers taught the doctrines of the trinity, and of salvation by the sole merits of Christ, of justification by faith, of original corruption, of an unnatural taint communicated to all the progeny of Adam, of particular reprobation and election, &c. Now what did Whitfield and Wesley, or what do their successors in the vineyard of methodism do more? If therefore the champions of methodism do teach a spurious christianity, the practical tendency of which is very mischievous and alarming, it must be allowed in their behalf that the kind of christianity which they preach is that which is embodied in the unreformed liturgy, homilies, and articles of the church of England. Before, therefore, we can undertake with any chance of success to stop the progress of methodism, we must first reform the unscriptural doctrines of the establishment; for those doctrines, as they are retained in the liturgy and the articles, are arguments of

authority in favour of methodism, which, with the illiterate and the superstitious, no argument of reason, no, nor of scripture will ever be able to subvert. We repeat again, and will often repeat, what has long appeared to us a self-evident truth, that, if the established church do entertain any real dread of the methodists, or do think her security at all endangered by the progress of methodism, she can neither appease her fears nor provide for her safety by any other means so efficacious as that of completing what the reformation left unfinished, and of expunging all ambiguous, uncharitable, and polemical matter from her liturgy and her articles. Let her imitate her primitive reformers, not in perplexing her religious system with doubtful tenets, but in *accommodating that system to the increased knowledge, more liberal sentiments, and more enlarged charity of the times.* No system which is founded on narrow principles, or of which exclusion and intolerance are constituent parts, has any chance of permanence. Let the church enlarge her basis, and expand her portals, to receive all denominations of christians in the spirit of forbearance and of peace, and we have no doubt but that all good and wise men, of all sects and parties, will accord in the pious wish that she may, and in the well-grounded belief that she will, be perpetual.

ART. XI.—*Washington, or Liberty restored, a Poem in ten Books, by Thomas Northmore, Esq.* London, Longman and Co. 1809.

WHATEVER may be the opinion which Mr. Northmore, by his present publication, has compelled us to entertain of him as a poet or an Englishman, we are by no means disposed to censure him for his love of rational liberty, or for his admiration of those who, in arrogating national independence for their country, stood so nobly forward as its bulwarks, in the American war. Our feelings, we must confess, are very differently affected towards him for the jaundiced eye with which he contemplates the actions of his own country. We feel as forcibly as Mr. N. that the cause for which England fought, the manner in which she carried on the war, and the principles on which she acted, were disgraceful to her as a free and high-spirited nation; but however bigoted or misguided our country may at any time have been, it would never have occurred to us to describe her in an epic poem as aided and in close alliance with all the infernal spirits of hell, when our worst of enemies, Buonaparte him-

self, never accused us of seeking more unchristian confederates than the Turks and the emperor of Morocco. We were at first also disposed to think with our author, that if it was objected to his poem, as it was to the *Pharsalia*, that the subject was too near his own times, there would not be much validity in the objection; a perusal of the poem, however, has forced us to withdraw the assent which we were previously inclined to bestow on this remark, for it betrays so many features of a warped and discontented mind, if we may be allowed to substitute these words for the word 'enthusiasm,' that we see at every turn the galled spirit of a man who is a contemporary of the scenes and actions he portrays.

The nature of the poem before us is epic, and it was this circumstance which induced us to give it a longer notice in our Review, than that of our *Monthly Catalogue*, for as it seems highly probable that it will meet with no readers on this side of the Atlantic, the Georgian age of poetry might have been transmitted to posterity, studded as it is with numerous constellations of epic verse, but still unadorned with the additional lustre of Mr. Northmore's *Washington*.

The imagery, we are told, is for the most part that of Milton, an imitation perfectly venial on the score of plagiarism, as Mr. N. has Virgil for his precedent; but whether the Miltonic imagery is as well adapted to a poem on the American war, as the Homeric was to such a subject as the *Æneid*, is a question which will probably be answered by the readers of this poem, if such there are, in a different manner from that in which the author has resolved it. We venture it as our opinion, that the imagery of Milton is not adapted to any poem but his own, certainly not to one of so different a complexion as the present. The verse, which is blank, is also formed on the same model, nor is it in general deficient either in correctness or cadence.

The first of the ten books, into which the poem is divided, opens with an invocation to the 'Almighty Being,' from which address a quick transition is made to the infernal regions, where Satan, as he sat enthroned in Pandemonium, viewed with an envious eye the efforts of Columbia; he accordingly addresses his compeers on the subject; Moloch, hurt at some reflections thrown out against him by the arch-fiend, becomes rebellious, but is appeased by the interference of Beelzebub, on which occasion the joy of Satan is compared to that of any gentleman whose son has just returned from a long absence in the East India fleet. The Amantium iracundia; as usual, proved the amoris integratio, Satan makes a speech of some hundred lines, in the course of which he purposes an alliance with England, and gives his friends a good

deal of military advice such as that of picking out the officers in battle, &c. To shew, however, that his skill is not confined to diplomacy or generalship, he quotes a line or so from Homer, in a style much to his credit. Mammon replies, and in the course of his speech we have the following complimentary lines to this country.

‘ the earth
Scarce holds a spot so dear unto my soul,
Abundant so in votaries; for here
My altars smoke with unextinguish’d incense,
Before my idol is profusely pour’d
Incessant adoration ;’—v. 438.

We are glad, however, that within a few lines we have an opportunity of giving a favourable specimen of Mr. N.’s versification, in the same speech of Mammon.

‘ Thus I’ve taught :
Banish thy conscience, for it is a despot
That rules with arbitrary sway, and yield
No harvest to it’s owner ; extirpate
All principle, for principle requires
A steady, constant, persevering toil
In the straight line of virtue ;’—v. 467.

The book concludes with a description of Satan’s car, which would puzzle a committee of all Long Acre.

‘ The wheels were adamant, and roll’d
On platinæan axle ; while the spokes
Of radiant urim pour’d celestial light ;
The body of some new discovered substance,
Metallic, or carbonic, or lignose,
But not yet analyz’d by mortal hand.’—605.

Book the second opens with another invocation, and proceeds to give us a history of Switzerland, with the story of Griesler, and William Tell : why not go back at once, Mr. Northmore to the novel and interesting story of Brutus and Cassius? it is full as much to the purpose. You may authenticate the fact of Caesar’s murder, by a quotation from Dr. Lempriere’s Classical Dictionary, and by this your reading will appear more multifarious, than by continually ringing changes on ‘ Salmon’s Modern History,’ ‘ Belsham’s George III. and the Parliamentary Debates.

Book the third brings us, not to America, gentle reader, but to the Netherlands, and the wars against Philip II. of Spain. Elizabeth makes a speech on the occasion, at the conclusion of which,

‘ I have a thousand times, and every day,
Thought how I should be able to do so.’

‘ the people yet
Inclining forwards bent, with ears erect,
Listening to silence.’—v. 89.

What information they obtained by so doing we are not told; and as the account of these wars, in Watson’s history, is rather more interesting than in Mr. Northmore’s poetry, we will pass over the remainder of this episode. We cannot, however, forbear noticing a prophecy relating to the princess Charlotte of Wales, viz. that she will resemble good queen Bess, v. 112. In a note the author informs us that ‘ his pen has thrice been prepared to expunge the prophecy, and thrice has it been withholden, for prophecies have more than once caused events.’ We were not aware that royal embraces were so frequent formerly as they have been since Buonaparte has set the fashion, by hugging the emperor of Russia, king of Prussia, &c. whenever he has compelled them to make peace; but we find that Philip hugs the duke of Alva most pathetically,

‘ Like the fond mother, who with open arms
Receives her son return’d from distant school,
And knows not to desist, while from her eyes
Maternal love thick flashes.’—194.

Book 4. In a note at the beginning of this book, Mr. N. complains of ‘ the reign of terror,’ to which we were never well-wishers, nor it seems was our author; so far then we agree. But why, after having been already detained during one book in hell, another in Switzerland, a third in the Netherlands and Spain, and all this in a poem on the American war, does our author stop us once more to give us his opinion in poetry and prose on Mr. Pitt’s administration?

But, to return: when we parted last, my gentle reader, we were in Spain; we are now to be transported with other convicts to America; no, not yet to America, we were nearly missing an act of our drama.

The little bell rings, the curtain draws up, and discovers Lord North on his legs, in whose favour, however, we are not much prejudiced, as he is called ‘ a fool,’ ‘ a proud minister,’ ‘ an ambitious man,’ ‘ a spoilt child,’ &c. in the space of a dozen lines. The last name is not applied with quite the same degree of humour as that of the ‘ angry boy’ was to Mr. Pitt, in a memorable speech of Mr. Sheridan. This book consists of several long parliamentary speeches in verse, which at first struck us as rather novel, but we have since heard that Mr. Canning’s statement has been put into verse with equal success. Mr. N. favours us with the speeches of each mem-

ber in prose, in the notes below, from Messrs. Belsham, Debrett, Almon, &c. by which means we have an opportunity of comparing the transformations with the originals. In the following line we do not think much additional dignity has been gained by the metre,

'They tax, and untax, then they tax again.'

It so happens, however, that where our author has kept closest to his original, he has been most successful, as in the following lines, in which Lord Chatham replies to those who vindicated the employment of Indians in the American war.

'Methought I heard, would that I were deceiv'd!
That neither heaven nor nature hath forbid
To use the Indian scalpings.—Gracious God!
That thou shouldst sit upon thy mercy-seat,
Nor bare thy arm to vengeance! Who is he
That to the evils of this murderous war
Dares authorize and league with British arms
The horrid scalping-knife and tomahawk
Of savages? What being civilized
Would claim alliance with brutality?'—v. 251.

Book 5. Columbia, who it seems had as good ears as, by the following lines, she seems to have lungs:

'——— She called so loud,
That all the solid continent, from where
The northern zone, wrapt in eternal ice,
Laughs at the solar beam, to that famed clime,
Where Mammon, &c. &c.
Thro' all this vast expanse her solemn voice
Re-echo'd———' v. 48.

Columbia then, having heard what Lord North was doing in parliament, 'takes her stand on Bunker's summit,' from whence she makes that intolerable noise above-mentioned. The loudest voice we recollect in Homer was only as loud as those of fifty other men; it is therefore consoling to find, that if the human race (for we presume Columbia is at best only half immortal) decreases so dreadfully in stature and muscle, it increases proportionably in the power of the lungs. Columbia's speech is succeeded by one from Franklin, which is compiled from the speeches of Mr. Fox, Burke, &c. in the British senate, and faithfully done into verse from the newspapers of the day. We felt that sort of doubt with respect to this speech which, we learn from Horace, that some critics experience with respect to comedy, and for the same reasons:

‘Commedia, necne poema
Esset, quæsiuere, quod acer spiritus, ac vis
Nec verbis, nec rebus inest, nisi quod pede certo
Distat sermoni sermo merus.’—*Hor.*

We believe, if the following lines were merely written as prose, without any transposition of the words, it would cost no small trouble to detect the ‘disiecti membra poetæ’:

‘Whence then the need
To force your treasures from your willing breasts?
Unless it be t’ uphold the worst design,
The most despotic of all principles,
To tax where is no representative?’—*a. 110.*

Dr. Franklin having concluded his speech, in which, as may be supposed, he is by no means sparing of scurrility to this country, Washington is appointed chief, and receives the appointment with modesty; the book concludes with some complimentary lines to Jefferson, the landing of the British, and the battle of Bunker’s-hill.

Book 6. Once more are we doomed to recross the Atlantic to contemplate the effects of the French revolution: the distinction drawn between this, however, and that of America does Mr. Northmore some credit; and had we not already suffered so much from episodes, we should have been pleased with the digression. Speaking of the French revolution, he thus describes it:

‘Her eyes so gored with blood,
That she could scarce distinguish friend from foe,
Gigantic vengeance; and with her was seen
False liberty, whose wanton lawless gait,
And Circe tongue, allur’d the ignorant,
But kept the wise far off. How different this
From that celestial form, whose radiant head
Scatters the beams of virtue o’er mankind,
Whose modest gait and dignified address
Win so on every heart, that to adore
Is but to know.’—*v. 64.*

The character of Washington is much too long, and does not in any place rise above mediocrity. We recollect four lines in a poetical letter of Mr. Moore’s from America, published in his poems, which, we think, are very happy in their delineation of this extraordinary man. We quote them (we hope correctly) from memory:

‘How shall I draw thee on th’ historic page,
O more than soldier, and just less than sage!

Nature design'd thee for the hero's mould,
But ere she form'd thee, let the clay grow cold.'

Moore's poems.

That this mixture of the philosopher and the soldier is the more rare, the more noble, and the more amiable character, than that of the greatest conqueror or destroyer of mankind, we all allow; that, however, by some strange fatality, it never receives the same attention, or dazzles the reader in history, we should all lament. Very little progress is made in the war in this book; in the following one, the seventh, the Americans become mutinous for want of provisions, on which occasion Washington makes a long prayer to the goddess Liberty, who very good-naturedly descends, and comforts him with promises of succours from France, which arrive at the same moment by a most happy coincidence. On the arrival of the French, a British council of war is held by Cornwallis, and the different posts assigned to the generals.

Book 8. If the reader is inclined to read Washington's soliloquy, and the second conference with liberty, a labour we by no means recommend, we must refer him to the epic itself. The majority of readers, we are convinced, will be satisfied by being informed, that in the course of the book the 'film of mortality' is removed from the hero's eyes, upon which

all th' infernal host,
Floating in depth immense 'twixt earth and sky,
In all its horrors burst upon his view:
Astonnded stood the chief.—v. 134.

This prepares the way for a description of the shield of Satan, a description which

'Leaves wond'ring comprehension far behind.'

The imagery of it, or rather the chaos of it, is a mixture of Milton, Æschylus, Homer, Hesiod, with, we should suppose, some kind communications from some friends in Bedlam.

'Such is the Gorgon shield of heaven's arch-fiend!
And round the outer orb thick sulphurous flames
In curling billows roll'd a sea of fire.—v. 316.

Book 9. After an address to the Americans from Washington, the battle of Yorktown commences; but here again our author is much too terrific to raise interest, or excite compassion; witness the following lines:

'Here nitred thunder roll'd along the plain,
And vibrated thro' heaven's ethereal vault,

While trembling Apalachians hurled the sound
To frighten'd ocean, and old ocean's fears
Re-bur'd to trembling Apalachians.—v. 113.

Why, good sir, in the words of Persius, surely

————— scloppo tumidas intendis rompere buccas.

In the evening of the day of the battle, Cornwallis observes a pair of scales in the sky, and 'the lightened scale of justice,' rising slow, charged with the fate of Britain,' he determines, however, to consider it, and well he might, 'a vision of the troubled mind.' On the following morning the battle is renewed, and even Mr. N. confesses that the Britons fought with bravery. The tenth book continues the battle, in which the infernal spirits reappear as allies to the English. Washington, from whose eyes the film had been withdrawn, recognizes them immediately, and 'pours forth a pious prayer' to Freedom, who, by some superior power, drives them from the field. Our good friends and allies the devils, however, who were determined to do their duty, in return for the subsidies, which in all probability they had received from Lord North, out of the secret service money, are by no means deficient in zeal, and though, like most of our other allies, they run away, no whiskered Prussian can talk bigger than they do. After some deliberation among them, they follow the advice of Beelzebub, and get into the dead men's bodies, probably as the safest place; for Satan is the only one who appears to take an active part after the metamorphose; and this activity is exerted to advise Cornwallis to run away: here, however, he is again foiled; for Michael, who is, of course, on the other side, discovers his old enemy. Satan, determined to do some mischief before he goes, calls to 'the king of terrors,' a monarch who it appears was at that time in alliance with us, and observing the American lament, says to the said king,

• Take thou this ball,

Dip it in fate, and speed it to his heart."

a service which his majesty performs with 'a fell smile.'

Things now hasten to a conclusion. Cornwallis makes a speech to his soul, and is comforted by 'a blaze of empyreal light' and 'words divine.' Satan follows the example of the British general, and addresses his own soul likewise, though without the same effect. The infernal spirits had no sooner regained their dwelling-place, than Michael shuts them in, and seals the door, from whence we are assured by the poet, and the assurance gives us unfeigned pleasure, they are never to come forth again.—Yorktown is surrendered; the poet

makes an address to peace ; liberty has a few more last words with Washington, and the curtain drops.

We have given, we believe, a faithful sketch of Mr. Northmore's epic poem. His volume consists of about two-thirds poetry, and one-third notes. The notes consist of those parliamentary speeches in prose which we read in verse in the text above, of a great deal of abuse levelled against this country, and some long extracts from Belsham's *George III. Salmon's Modern History*, and the *Life of Washington*. Our opinion of Mr. N. as a poet is by no means favourable : in the imagery he has employed, the way he has employed it, in the use of long and unconnected episodes, and turgid and bombastic similes, he has tired and disgusted us. But what is perhaps the most remarkable characteristic of *Washington*, is, that its author seems to have written it under the influence, not of enthusiasm, but of a violent passion ; and as he informs us in a note that England has been called ' a choleric little island,' we will, with his leave, borrow the phrase, and apply it to him, in the words ' a choleric little' poet. We have proved by some of our extracts that he can think well occasionally, and write well occasionally, but he will find few readers who will travel through a desert of ten books to discover an oasis or two. Of the minor but surely the more affecting occurrences of war he has made nothing, such as were in the American war, the death of the unfortunate André, and the sufferings of Lady H. Ackland, tales often told in prose, but which are not by any means below the dignity of even epic verse. We have already said a few words to Mr. Northmore on the subject of his apparent disrelish for his own countrymen, nor indeed do we think the present precisely the time when an Englishman, whatever may be his political tenets, would choose to uphold the Americans as the patterns of every thing good and great. Could our advice influence this poet's conduct in his private concerns, which we are not to expect, we would earnestly recommend him, before all intercourse with America is entirely closed, to part with '*Cleve, the ancient seat of the Northmores,*' and enjoy that liberty which it appears he is denied in England, as nature's happy commoner on the banks of the Mississippi. He will be still at full liberty to draw his similes ' from Cleve's green summit,' as in book 9, v. 250 ; for poets have had the license from time immemorial to use mountain, hill, or dale, without an acre in possession, and to appropriate seas, rivers, and torrents to their own use, without a right of fishing in a single trout-stream.

ART. XII.—*The Bristol Heiress, or the Errors of Education. A Tale, in 5 vols. 12mo. By Mrs. Heath, Author of The Orphan of the Rhine, &c.* London, printed at the Minerva Press, for Lane and Co. 1809.

THIS is one of those numerous publications which issue almost daily from the press, striving, seemingly in vain, to sate the appetite of the public for novels and romances. It were greatly to be wished that all compositions of this kind were calculated, like the present work, to inculcate some useful truth; for then that class of readers, who take up a book merely for the most indolent exercise of the attention, would often be betrayed into instruction, and pass their hour with at least the possibility of receiving some benefit. The authoress of this work undertakes to shew, that those persons are greatly mistaken who educate their daughters wholly with a view to fashionable life: for that happiness does not consist in splendid pleasures, but rather in the rational exercise of the benevolent affections. This is exemplified in the history of Caroline Percival, the daughter of a banker at Bristol, a person of an ancient but decayed family, who had himself risen to opulence through his marriage with the daughter of a tradesman, and was now eagerly anxious to raise his only daughter from the plebeian sphere in which she had been born, into the first ranks of the gay and fashionable world. His partiality for his only child, and his ambition, taught her to expect nothing less than a coronet, which, as he conceived, his own wealth added to her beauty and various accomplishments, certainly entitled her to claim. After a variety of incidents well calculated to enhance the value of those objects, which the elegant, the beautiful Caroline had been carefully taught to consider essential to happiness, she becomes all that she had ever wished. Embellished with affluence, adorned with a title, she glitters a splendid meteor along the galaxy of fashion, and floats on the stream of the richest pleasures. But all this is not happiness; for she finds herself beset by an infinitude of cares and anxieties, harassed by a continued series of hopes and fears, and tormented by numberless mortifications, which the baser passions introduce alike into the highest and lowest orders of society. In consequence of some imprudences, to which a gay life ever leads, she is, after she has run a complete career, removed from the world of London, and in solitude and affliction learns rightly to appreciate the worth of all human enjoyments, and to be convinced of the force of the moral truth stated above.

In the *Lady Harcourt* of this work, which is upon the whole very well written, are strikingly displayed the manners of a woman of fashion, enterprising and unprincipled; in *Sydney Hervey* is seen a young man, gay but not corrupted; in *Lord L.*—the selfish meanness of a fortune-hunting nobleman; in *Miss Williams*, a pleasing contrast to the splendid *Caroline*; and in *Dr. Williams*, a clergyman who indeed does honour to the church of England. It is perhaps to be wished that the moral of the whole had been held out to notice frequently through the piece, instead of being left principally to the remarks at the conclusion, which many a hurrying novel reader may chance to overlook; yet upon the whole we are inclined to give much praise to this work, and to say, that if people will read modern novels, let them read the *Bristol Heiress*.

CRITICAL MONTHLY CATALOGUE.

RELIGION.

ART. 13.—*The virtuous Claims of Humanity; a Sermon, preached in the Chapel at Mill-hill, on Sunday, November 19, 1809, for the Benefit of the General Infirmary, Leeds.* By Thomas Jervis. London, Johnson, 1809. 8vo. pp. 29.

MR. JERVIS has explained the nature and enforced the duty of humanity with much energy and animation. We will quote a passage.

‘Happily for the world, compassion, which is an important branch of benevolence and social virtue, yet is not appropriate to any particular rank or condition. It is not to be found in vulgar or in vitious minds, but in minds of a more refined and elevated cast. It operates most vigorously in the virtuous breast; as, on the contrary, it is incompatible with gross irregularities of conduct, with the rule of the ferocious passions, and the practice of unmanly, base, and scandalous vices.

‘This worthy and noble affection of the heart is not, then, predominant in the breasts of the vulgar, whether high or low. It is not the exclusive privilege, and peculiar birthright of the great. In this order of men, on the contrary, its motions are too often blunted or perverted by fashion, luxury, vanity, and pride. Yet, humanity is the noblest badge of earthly grandeur. It is more honourable than all the heraldic achievements of fame, than all the insignia of high birth, or of ancient title and descent, the ducal coronet, or the ermine robe. It lowers the crest of ambition,

and annihilates all earthly distinctions. It raises the peasant to a level with the prince. The mind of the former may be inwardly adorned with this "immediate jewel of the soul;" while the outward badge of honour that glitters on the breast of the latter may possibly be no more than the tinsel covering of a cold unfeeling heart.

The style of this sermon is rather more declamatory than we approve.

ART. 14.—*An Oration delivered on Monday, October 16, 1809, on laying the first Stone of the new Gravel-pit Meeting-house in Paradise Field, Hackney. By Robert Aspland, Minister of the Gravel-pit Congregation. Published by Request. Eaton, High Holborn, 1s.*

MR. ASPLAND, whose talents are an ornament to the denomination of Christians to which he belongs, has here exhibited a brief but animated sketch of the religious sentiments of the founders of the new Gravel-pit meeting-house at Hackney. We trust that neither the congregation nor the ministers will ever deviate from those enlarged and liberal principles of Christian union which are here professed.

ART. 15.—*A Sermon preached in the Parish Church of Trowbridge, Wiltshire, on October 25, 1809, and printed at the Request of the Congregation there assembled, by the Rev. Walter Birch, B. D. Fellow of Magdalen College, Oxford. London, Robinson. 1s.*

THIS sermon deserves a better fate than to perish with the forgotten multitudes of occasional discourses. The author wisely rests the necessity or expediency of observing the jubilee on the sound part of the case, the private virtues of the sovereign, our constitutional liberties and equal laws, and the absence of those evils which have overwhelmed the enslaved and sinking nations around us. The means of our deliverance from the threatened vengeance of the enemy he derives from moral rather than physical strength, the unconquerable mind of the people at large, rather than the gigantic body of our naval and military power. Unanimity, disinterested patriotism, and true loyalty, are, humanly speaking, the principles which must direct the operation of our force to its legitimate ends, the preservation of this country, and the vindication of the cause of liberty. In a passage of much energy and eloquence, he deprecates the absurdity of fixing our hopes upon the contingency of Buonaparte's death. 'Now, laying wholly out of our consideration the character of that lawless conqueror (his mighty genius, his insatiable ambition) who now marshals them under his standards, even supposing that he should be suddenly swept off the scene, and that "his place should know him no more," yet still, what, I ask, must be our fate, should we fall under the swords of a people, who, in addition to all the motives which have led them to plunder and enslave any other nation, are actuated towards this by the most inveterate and most exasperated feelings of rivalry

and revenge? Here they would redeem the long delay of their rapacious hopes—here exhaust the rage of avarice—here display the fulness of their vain-glory—here hail the great consummation of their gigantic aims, and celebrate their orgies as lords of sea and land, and conquerors of the globe. Here indeed it would be policy for them to destroy, to reduce to the most helpless weakness the fallen lion.' p. 11. On the whole, there is in this sermon so much of the manner of a divine who is in earnest, and of an Englishman who loves his king and country, that even the nauseating plenty of jubilee homilies has not destroyed its relish on our palates.

ART. 16.—*The Fasts and Festivals of the Church of England, abridged from the Works of the excellent and pious Mr. Nelson, interspersed with Dialogues adapted to the Capacity of Youth.* By Elizabeth Belson. London, Newman and Co. 1810. 8vo. 7s.

THOSE persons who approve the well-known work of Mr. Nelson, entitled 'Fasts and Festivals,' will probably be pleased to see it reduced into a form which is more likely to excite attention and to afford amusement.

POLITICS.

ART. 17.—*The high Price of Bullion, a Proof of the Depreciation of Bank Notes.* By David Ricardo. London, Murray, 1810. pp. 48.

THIS pamphlet relates to a subject of great public interest, and merits a much more ample discussion than our limits will permit us to assign it. Those, who are entrusted with the welfare of the country, have long been too blind to the fatal consequences, which, if not prevented by timely precautions, must ensue from the restrictions which were imposed in 1797 on the payments of the Bank in specie. Those consequences have begun to be developed in a manner which ought to excite the fears of all who wish to see the national credit preserved inviolate, and the stockholder to receive his interest, not in *assignats* of only a nominal value, but, if not in specie, at least in paper which may be equivalent to, and always commutable with, specie.

The stoppage of the payments in specie at the Bank, in 1797, caused an issue of paper to an immoderate extent. Government have, indeed, by this means, greatly increased their facilities of pecuniary accommodation; but this advantage will be only fugitive; and it will certainly, at last, be found an experiment as perilous to the state as mischievous to individuals. While the paper issues of the Bank were, at the option of the holder, convertible into specie or bullion, bank notes could not suffer a depreciation, as they could always be exchanged for the quantity of the precious metals of which they were the representative. While a trader could obtain an ounce of gold for 31. 17s. 10½d. in paper, Bank notes and specie may be said to have been at

par, or signs of precisely the same value. But, at present, an ounce of gold cannot be procured for less than 4*l.* 10*s.* in Bank notes, or at about 15 per cent. premium paid on the conversion of the notes into bullion. Now if this be true, as it indisputably is, we should wish to know what this difference between the value of money in Bank notes and in specie be, but a depreciation of our paper-currency? Thus, if a merchant have 100*l.* to send to his correspondent abroad, which he is to remit in bullion, he cannot procure this bullion under 115*l.* in Bank notes, or in other words he must pay a discount of 15 per cent. before he can convert his Bank notes into gold. How far this depreciation may be carried it is impossible to tell; but if the present unlimited issues of paper be not checked by the salutary interposition of the ruling powers, what is now a depreciation of 15 per cent. may soon be one of 50. An evil of this kind is slow in beginning; but when it has once begun, the predominant characteristic is rapid progression. The commercial habits of this country have generated a state of unparalleled confidence through the whole mass of society; and this confidence has encouraged the most adventurous speculation. Numerous individuals have thus been enabled to obtain credit to an amount far exceeding their capital; and some have suddenly grown rich without any other capital than that which was founded on a dazzling *supposition* of their wealth. This could not have taken place if the unlimited emission of paper had not both encouraged the genius of speculation, and facilitated the agency of imposture. It has often been said that no more paper can be issued than is requisite to supply the quantity of circulating medium, or than is the representative of some real value, either in specie or goods. But the present difference between the real and the nominal value of Bank notes, considered as a medium of exchange for bullion, is a proof that the market is overstocked with this artificial paper currency; or otherwise bullion might as readily be procured for Bank notes as for specie. But we have seen that there is a difference of 15 per cent. in their relative value in the purchase of bullion; or that an individual who wishes to purchase bullion, must pay 15 per cent. more for it in Bank notes than he does in specie. The same fact proves that paper may be sent into circulation without any equivalent being in the possession of him by whom it was issued. If we were for a moment to imagine that all the Bank notes in the country could be converted into bullion, at the present rate of disparity between the value of notes and specie, the quantity of paper money which we must give would exceed in nominal value the bullion which we should receive in the proportion of nearly the sixth of the whole. For every 83*l.* in bullion, we should have to pay 100*l.* in Bank notes. The present deluge of paper currency encourages the most mischievous speculations, and tends to excite a host of profligate adventurers, without capital or industry,

to raise fortunes on the oppression of the more useful and honest members of society.

Gold and silver have an intrinsic value from their rarity and the labour which is required to procure them. This cannot be said of a paper coinage. Gold and silver are at the same time an universal medium of exchange, and a more equable standard of value in all parts of the globe than any other which was ever devised. A paper medium, on the contrary, has no value nor use out of the country in which it is issued, except as far as it is convertible into the quantity of the precious metals which it is made to represent. But where it is not convertible into these metals without a discount, there this discount must be considered as a deduction from its nominal value, which differs from its real value, in the proportion which the discount bears to the sum of which the piece of paper is the nominal sign. While the notes of the Bank were payable in specie on demand, the quantity of paper which was issued could not greatly exceed that of the coin which would have circulated if there had been no paper medium. In this case, if the paper currency were excessive, or if attempts were made, as has happened in the transactions of numerous speculators, to transfer property by means of a paper payment, from the pockets of honest industry to those of enterprising fraud, the remedy would not be difficult, as long as paper were convertible into specie or bullion. All redundant paper might thus be readily taken out of the market, and an effectual check given to the projects of those adventurers who speculate without capital.

But what remedy is to be applied to the present evil of the non-payment of the Bank in specie? No sudden cure can be devised, and no violent specific prudently administered. The best mode of cure will be that which is gradual and lenient, but sure and safe in its operations. Such a remedy is, we think, proposed by Mr. Ricardo, the author of this sensible pamphlet; and this is for 'the Bank to diminish the quantity of their notes, until they had increased their value fifteen per cent.' 'The restriction,' as he remarks, 'might be safely removed, as there would then be no temptation to export specie.' In another place Mr. Ricardo says,

'The remedy which I propose for all the evils in our currency, is, that the Bank should gradually decrease the amount of their notes in circulation until they shall have rendered the remainder of equal value with the coins which they represent, or, in other words, till the prices of gold and silver bullion shall be brought down to their mint price. I am well aware that the total failure of paper credit would be attended with the most disastrous consequences to the trade and commerce of the country, and even its sudden limitation would occasion so much ruin and distress, that it would be highly inexpedient to have recourse to it as the means of restoring our currency to its just and equitable value.'

'If the Bank were possessed of more guineas than they had notes in circulation, they could not, without great injury to the country, pay their notes in specie, while the price of gold bullion continued greatly above the mint price, and the foreign exchanges unfavourable to us. The excess of our currency would be exchanged for guineas at the Bank and exported, and would be suddenly withdrawn from circulation. Before therefore they can safely pay in specie, the excess of notes must be gradually withdrawn from circulation. If gradually done, little inconvenience would be felt; so that if the principle were fairly admitted, it would be for future consideration whether the object should be accomplished in one year or in five. I am fully persuaded that we shall never restore our currency to its equitable state, but by this preliminary step, or by the total overthrow of our paper credit.

'If the Bank directors had kept the amount of their notes within reasonable bounds; if they had acted up to the principle which they have avowed to have been that which regulated their issues when they were obliged to pay their notes in specie, namely, to limit their notes to that amount which should prevent the excess of the market above the mint price of gold, we should not have been now exposed to all the evils of a depreciated, and perpetually varying currency.

'The Bank directors have imposed upon the holders of money all the evils of a maximum. To-day it is their pleasure that 4l. 10s. shall pass for 3l. 17s. 10½d. to-morrow they may degrade 4l. 15s. to the same value, and in another year 10l. may not be worth more. By what an insecure tenure is property consisting of money or annuities paid in money held! What security has the public creditor that the interest on the public debt, which is now paid in a medium depreciated fifteen per cent. may not hereafter be paid in one degraded fifty per cent? The injury to private creditors is not less serious. A debt contracted in 1797 may now be paid with eighty-five per cent. of its amount, and who shall say that the depreciation will go no further?'

POETRY.

ART. 18.—*Classical Descriptions of Love, from the most celebrated epic Poets, Homer, Ariosto, Tasso, Milton, Virgil, and Camoens. By M. P. Grandmaison. Translated from the French. London, Blacklock, 1809, 12mo. 6s. 6d.*

WE gave a copious account of M. Grandmaison's poem, entitled '*Les Amours Epiques*,' in the Appendix to the 13th volume of the third series of the C. R. The present is a prose translation of that work. One specimen of the manner in which it is executed will suffice. It shall be taken from the fifth canto, where M. Grandmaison has copied Virgil's beautiful description of night.

'Night covers the earth, and sleep, with her salutary freshness

restores to man his pristine vigour; the waters were at rest; the woods were silent; it was the hour when in the heavenly sphere, the stars had travelled half of their nocturnal course---when, in the hollow valleys, by the limpid fountains, the brutes and the many-coloured birds forgot their toils, slept away their sorrows, and tranquilly enjoyed, in profound peace, the charms of sleep, that restorer of the world. But nothing could dispel the sorrows of Dido; for her eyes, for her heart no more peaceful nights. Now love possessing her whole soul, excites deep groans; and now her wounded pride rises with new vigour in her breast, and rousing the agitating emotions of burning rage,' &c. &c.

ART. 19.—*The Lost Child; a Christmas Tale, founded upon a Fact.* London, Harris, 1810. 12mo. 3s.

THIS is rather an affecting tale; but the author is not a master of those facilities of transition which are one of the requisites in poetical narrative; and in trying to be simple he sometimes approaches the confines of vulgarity. The diction might have been rendered more elegant without diminishing the interest.

NOVELS.

ART. 20.—*Guiscard, or the Accusation. A Romance. 2 vols. By Horace Vere.* London, Newman and Co. 1809.

THIS is called a romance, and *romance* it is with a vengeance. The story is intended to carry us as far back as the days of Edward the 3d, in whose campaigns the hero of this romance finds employment, and a kind of consolation, after the death of a beloved and adored young wife. The manners of the times are described, but the delineation is so very poor, that it would render the work heavy and uninteresting, even if the story were more attractive, or within any bounds of *probability* or *possibility*. It would be an affront to the understandings of our readers were we to take up any more space than is really necessary in speaking of this tale of Guiscard; but that they may have some idea of what the author perhaps may style the sublime, the beautiful, or the horrible if he pleases, we will give the opening.

‘It was the close of day, and a tempest was rising; dark clouds passed heavily in lowering heaps, and diffused over the landscape a *lurid twilight*; the wind, gathering force from gust to gust, began to howl in the forest; and at every step of the traveller, screaming birds flitted across his path, in wild and *anxious circles*.’ This we presume is to prepare our minds for something vastly grand, vastly gloomy, vastly terrific, and vastly fine altogether. But the story is such a jumble of stupidity and nonsense, and such a medley of incongruous and absurd events, as to leave us not at all anxious for the result of a tale which affords neither amusement nor instruction. The poor and hacknied events and difficulties of escaping from enemies

through subterranean vaults ; and monks, with long black garments, and large cowls, gliding through the gloom of evening, or stealing by moonlight into a castle to carry on some diabolical plot against the owner, are in *Guiscard* plentifully repeated without having the merit of any thing to captivate attention. A wicked and profligate woman, a treacherous servant seeking revenge for supposed injuries, and an intriguing and haughty monk, are characters of sufficient prowess, blended with insignificant nothings, to form a modern romance. Such is *Guiscard*, which presents us with an insolent and intriguing priest, a wicked and profligate lady, and a revengeful domestic ; and for these hideous characters, we have not one good, one naturally drawn, nor one single paragraph of sound sense, entertainment, nor instruction, to recompense us for the waste of time which we have experienced in looking over this performance of the renowned Horace Vere. We have, on the contrary, to lament the hours which we have misspent ourselves, and the many which the author has thought proper to throw away in producing two volumes of trash to enlarge the shelves of the circulating libraries, and to injure the young female mind which is fated to pore over the nonsense of *Guiscard*, when it might be strengthened and improved by a different style of study.

ART. 21.—*The Assassin of St. Glenroy, or the Axis of Life*, 4 vols.
By Anthony Frederic Holstein, Author of *Sir Owen Glendower*, &c.
London, Newman and Co. 1810.

Mr. Anthony Frederic Holstein is so well satisfied with the qualified praise which we afforded to his former tales of *Sir Owen Glendower*, &c. that he has favoured us with another production in four volumes ; and from his preface we presume that he wishes us to speak very favourably of the *Assassin of St. Glenroy*. But Mr. Anthony Frederic Holstein's diction has become so much more frothy and turgid than usual, that it is very difficult, when he has any meaning, to make it out. For instance, in his preface, speaking of fancy, he says,

‘ The wings of fancy were formed to expand, and, from the happy flutter of movement, exhibit the variegated dazzling plumage which illumines the darker walks of laborious study, and to cast a luminous ray over each laboratory of science ; and woe to the presumptuous hand that would seek to clip the pinions of imagination, or check them from ranging the regions of novelty : for if the lofty and ambitious soarer does overstep the boundary of strict probability, we must not too heavily touch with the torpedian rod of criticism, lest we freeze the powers of mind, and, by its benumbing influence, annihilate self-confidence, and destroy that energy of effort, which is the first friend of mental exertion. Had the chilling voice of rigid censure blasted the appearance of a first offspring on the literary ground it sought to tread, I should for ever have renounced the hope of improvement, and, throwing aside the weapons of authorship,

have passively bowed to *public suffrage*, nor thought another effort could be more successful; but the voice of *approbation* has roused me to renewed exertion, and yet it has awakened me to a full sense of the precarious tenure of that ground which leads to the gilded mansion of fame; and I fearfully pursue the route, resting on the indulgence of those literary supporters, who have already deigned to applaud my former humble efforts, for continued aid, during the arduous journey, while hope yields elasticity to invention; and, inspired by that universal friend, who has vouchsafed to encourage the completion of the present narrative, I venture a second publication—one that has no *angel* for its president, but relies on a *woman* for principal support, one whose character the powerful mandate of *nature* forbade that I should sketch with the pencil of *perfection*, or presume to deck a *mortal* with the plumes of Heaven.' This is the first time we ever heard of *the plumes of Heaven*. Mr. Holstein further adds that he fondly hopes that 'the Assassin of St. Glenroy' may escape the condemnation of that jury to which he appeals for *mercy*. Now we are told by our great poet that 'the quality of mercy is not strain'd, it droppeth as a gentle rain from heav'n upon the place beneath; it is twice bless'd: it blesseth him that gives, and him that takes,' &c. and we certainly have a claim to a blessing in having had patience to read the Assassin of St. Glenroy; for a more improbable story surely was seldom ever formed, though keeping *mercy* ever in our eye, we must own that there are a few characters pretty well drawn. But it is a frightful tale, beginning with a murder, and ending with the accidental death of the hero of the piece, just as he is on the eve of marriage with the lady of whom he has for a length of time been enamoured. Instead of entering into the story, we shall give specimens of the manner in which it is executed.

'Far different,' says the author, 'were the feelings of the sister Hebe (speaking of the two daughters of Lord Rosven): she rushed with avidity into the busy charms of variety; for it was amid those she sought to bury the fatal remembrance of Percy; to quaff, in the dizzy cup of novel enjoyments, an oblivious draught of the past; and while her heart was deeply agitated by the effort, she found all seemed correspondent with its fevered pulse, since the whole orbit of dissipation revolved on the axis of AGITATION.' We must beg our readers to observe that in Mr. Anthony Frederick Holstein's novel, every thing moves or *revolves on an orbit*. He tells us, 'he has himself moved in the higher orbit of life;' and speaking of an author's life he says, 'the spider is famed for his ingenious web spun with indefatigable industry, into a bulk far beyond the size of its own little body; yet a poor author receives no commendation for his art of spinning a literary thread into a voluminous bulk, although he ambitiously aims at catching something more than flies by his work. Now for my own part, I think great credit due to this art of lengthening matter, but which my unfortunate

brains are too dull to effect.' We are somewhat puzzled to know what our very ingenious author is aiming at. The art of spinning an uninteresting tale into four volumes, we think pretty good spinning indeed, even if he only aims at catching flies; for frivolous and vacant must that mind be, and most easily amused, if the four volumes of *St. Glenroy* can for an instant claim attention from its novelty or morality. The former it wants; and the latter is neither here nor there.

Some of Mr. Holstein's former tales were pretty enough, and the tendency good; but we are sorry to say that the *Assassin of Glenroy* has little to recommend it. The best characters in the piece are Dowager Lady Monteath and Lady Leinster; the history of the latter is by far the most interesting and the best told; and Miss O'Brien's character is also well sketched. This is all we can say in praise of the *Assassin of Glenroy*.

MEDICINE.

ART. 22.—*A plain Statement of Facts in Favour of the Cow-pox, intended for Circulation through the middle and lower Classes of Society. By John Thomson, M. D. late President of the Royal Medical Society of Edinburgh; corresponding Member of the Literary and Philosophical Society of Manchester; one of the Physicians of the Halifax general Dispensary, &c. London, Crosby, 1809. 8vo. pp. 24. 6d.*

A GREAT deal of useful information relative to the cow-pox, is condensed into this pamphlet, which is well calculated to dissipate the prejudices against the vaccine inoculation which are still entertained among a large class of the community.

ART. 23.—*An Essay on the Use of a regulated Temperature in Winter-cough and Consumption; including a Comparison of the different Methods of producing such a Temperature in the Chambers of Invalids. By Isaac Buxton, M. D. Physician to the London Hospital, and to the Surry Dispensary. London, Murray, 1810. 12mo. pp. 176. 4s. 6d.*

DR. BUXTON strongly recommends a regulated or equable temperature in consumption and in what he calls winter-cough. Though such a mode of treatment may be beneficial, we fear that it must, except in public institutions, be regarded as a sort of aristocratical remedy, to which only the sons of opulence can have recourse. Medical benefits, as well as benefits of other kinds, are greater or less in proportion as they can be rendered general; but how is this to be made general, or of easy application? How are persons in the active professions, or in the out-door employments, to obtain the means of perpetually breathing in an equable temperature? This temperature, according to Dr. B. ought not to be below 60°, which is the temperature of this country only during a comparatively small part of the year. But the sitting-room and the bed-room of the person may be warmed by a fire, and the heat regulated by a thermometer. True;—but how few are the persons in this country, or in this metropolis, where fuel is so extravagantly dear, who can afford to have a fire in their bed-

chamber, and how much fewer to have it kept up during the night? Besides, how few rooms are there in which an equable temperature can be preserved, or in which the mere opening of the door will not make a change in the degree of heat, and cause a chill in the sensitive patient, who is fondled in caloric according to the plan of Dr. B? Besides, are the persons who are confined to this equable temperature never to make their appearance in the open air till the thermometer stands at 60° in the shade? But, if they are ever to leave their rooms when the external temperature is lower than that of their apartments, will they not instantly be nipped and shrivelled like plants which are suddenly removed from a hot-house into an icy air? One of the arts of life is to inure the body to the different changes of the atmosphere. This is more particularly requisite in this variable climate; but is this to be effected by being immured night and day, like an exotic in a heated room? Even cough and consumption are more likely to derive benefit from the dietetic regimen which has lately been proposed by Dr. Lambe, of the King's road, Gray's Inn, than by any application of an equable temperature, which is so difficult to be preserved, and is so incompatible with the discharge of the active, and what may be called the out-door duties of life.

MISCELLANEOUS.

ART. 24.—*Lectures on Experimental Philosophy, Astronomy, and Chemistry, intended chiefly for the Use of Students and young Persons.* By G. Gregory, D. D. &c. 2 vols. 8vo. Phillips, 1808.

THE author of this elementary work is well known for his diligence and accuracy in the difficult art of abridgment; an art which, when duly exercised, requires an attentive mind, a discriminating judgment, and a perspicuous brevity of style. He is now numbered with the dead, and we conceive that the verses of the Italian poet Flaminio to his philosophical friend Mirandula, might be inscribed upon his tomb with propriety and truth, if the name and tense could be changed without violating the metre:

“Felix, qui rerum causas, Mirandula, nosti,
Et eleganter explicas.”

ART. 25.—*Guy's new British Spelling-Book, or an easy Introduction to spelling and reading, in seven Parts; containing a great Variety of easy Lessons, exactly adapted to the Capacities of Youth, and arranged in a new, easy, and pleasing Order. The Tables of Words are divided and accented according to the purest Modes of Pronunciation.* By Joseph Guy, Author of the Pocket Encyclopedia, School Geography, Chart of Universal History, &c. and Professor of Geography, &c. in the Royal Military College. London, 1809, Cradock and Joy, Paternoster-row. 1s. 6d. bound.

AS first impressions often exercise an imperceptible but cogent influence on the pursuits and habits of our future lives, the

spelling-book in which children are introduced to the vestibule of knowledge, and by which so many first impressions are made, cannot be a matter of small importance. It might seem, at first sight, of no moment by what book children are taught to read, provided they are taught at all. But spelling-books differ very much in the lessons which they contain, and in the impressions which they are consequently calculated to make. The lessons which are contained in this spelling-book of Mr. Guy are very judiciously selected. Nor are they above the capacities of children who are more inquisitive and thoughtful than is commonly supposed. We have been frequently exasperated to behold the nonsensical trash which is sometimes put into the hands of children, by which not one useful idea can be communicated to the mind. Some seem to think that the only object of elementary books ought to be to *amuse* children; but that kind of literary amusement is pernicious which is not blended with instruction. The culture of the reflective faculty cannot be begun too early; but, instead of its growth being promoted, it is only stunted by the common modes. We think that this spelling-book of Mr. Guy merits general circulation.

ART. 26.—*The Mermaid not Fabulous, being a Dissertation on the Existence, Figure, Character, and the Habits of that Phenomenon, unquestionably proved by the Mermaids recently seen on the Caithness Coast, by Miss Mackay, Miss Mackenzie, Mr. Munro, and others; also the Merwoman of Haerlen, who lived sixteen Years on Land, earning her Bread by Spinning, and attended Divine Worship, &c. &c. with the natural History of the Mermaid.* London, Macpherson, Russel Court, 1809. 6d.

MISS E. MACKAY and Miss C. Mackenzie state that, on the 12th of January, 1809, while they were walking by the sea-shore about noon, they saw a face resembling the human countenance floating on the waves. 'The face seemed plump and round, the eyes and nose small; the former were of a light grey colour, the mouth was large, and, from the shape of the jawbone, which seemed straight, the face looked short.' 'The forehead, nose, and chin were white; the whole side face of a bright pink colour. The head was exceedingly round, the hair thick and long, of a green oily cast, and appeared troublesome to it, the waves generally throwing it down over the face; it seemed to see the annoyance, and, as the waves retreated, with both its hands frequently threw back the hair and rubbed its throat, as if to remove any soiling it might have received from it. The throat was slender, smooth, and white; we did not think of observing whether it had elbows, but, from the manner in which it used its arms, must conclude that it had. The arms were very long and slender, as were the hands and fingers; the latter were not webbed. The arms, one of them at least, was frequently extended over its head, as if to frighten a bird that hovered over it, and seemed to distress it much; when that had no effect, it sometimes turned

quite round for several times successively. It sometimes laid its right hand under its cheek, and in this position floated for some time. We saw nothing like hair or scales on any part of it; indeed the smoothness of the skin particularly caught our attention. The time it was discernible to us was about an hour.' Such is the account of this marine prodigy, which is exhibited by Miss Mackay, daughter of the Rev. David Mackay, minister of Reay. It would be very ungallant in us to tell this lady or her fair companion that she has not spoken truth; but perhaps we may intimate without offence that the supposed mermaid was probably nothing more than a seal. The imagination seems to be very active on the coast of Caithness; and that faculty readily supplied the points of resemblance that were wanting between the seal and the human form.

ART. 27.—*The Orator; or Elegant Extracts in Prose and Poetry; comprehending a Diversity of oratorical Specimens of the Eloquence of popular Assemblies, of the Bar, of the Pulpit, &c. calculated for the Use of Schools and Academies; to which is prefixed a Dissertation on oratorical Delivery. With an Appendix, containing Outlines of Gesture.* By James Chapman, Teacher of Elocution. London, Vernor and Hood, 1809. 8vo. pp. 540.

THESE species of selections are so numerous, that it is difficult to say which deserves the preference. There is no want of judgment nor taste in these Extracts of Mr. Chapman, and his 'Dissertation on oratorical Delivery' is a valuable appendage to his work.

ART. 28.—*The Sermon of that celebrated pulpit Orator, the late Rev. Dr. Hugh Blair, on the Duties of the Young, arranged into French Exercises for the Use of the Youth of either Sex engaged in the Study of the French Language. To which is added, by way of a Key, a highly finished Translation into French of the same.* By M. Lenoir, Professor of the French Language, and Author of 'Fastes Britanniques,' 'the English and French logographic emblematical Spelling-book,' and other approved Publications. London, Dulau, Soho Square, 1809. 12mo. 2 Parts, 2s. 3d. or the Sermon by itself in 8vo. with a Pindaric Ode, entitled 'Les Rois,' 2s.

This professor recommends the teachers of the French language to let their pupils translate a certain portion of the sermon of Dr. Blair into the best French which they are able, when the master is to have recourse to 'the highly finished translation' of M. Lenoir. 'As the teacher reads,' says M. Lenoir, 'he should point out every deviation from the original author, and the reasons of such deviations, which will be easily found by the master, if a man of letters, should be explained to them.' This species of exercise is well calculated to improve the pupil in the knowledge of the French idiom.

ART. 29.—*Beauties selected from the Writings of James Beattie, L.L.D. late Professor of Moral Philosophy and Logic in the Marischal College and University of Aberdeen. Arranged in a perspicuous and pleasing Manner, under the following Heads: Poetical, Moral, Philosophical, Theological, Critical, and Epistolary. To which is prefixed a Life of the Author, and an Account of his Writings, together with Notes on the first Book of the Minstrel, by Thomas Gray, L.L.B. London, Sherwood, Neely, and Jones, 1809. 5s. 6d.*

WE are not in general friendly to the practice of publishing what are called the beauties of an author of genius and celebrity. Where a man's writings are very voluminous, and the splendid passages are rendered almost inaccessible to common readers, there may be some excuse for such a method; but among the beauties of Beattie, we did not expect to find a republication of the *Minstrel*, which is in every body's hands. With respect to the selections from the prose works of Dr. Beattie, they seem to be made with taste and judgment. Dr. Beattie writes with perspicuity and ease; but we cannot class him among the *profound thinkers* of the eighteenth century.

We shall quote the character of Milton from this collection.

'Milton was one of the most learned men this nation ever produced. But his great learning neither impaired his judgment, nor checked his imagination. A richer vein of invention, as well as a more correct taste, appear in the *Paradise Lost*, written when he was near sixty years of age, than in any of his earlier performances. *Paradise Regained*, and *Sampson Agonistes*, which were his last works, are not so full of imagery, nor admit so much fancy, as many of his other pieces; but they discover a consummate judgment; and little is wanting to make each of them perfect in its kind.—I am not offended at that profusion of learning which here and there appears in the *Paradise Lost*. It gives a classical air to the poem: it refreshes the mind with new ideas; and there is something in the very sound of the names of places and persons whom he celebrates that is wonderfully pleasing to the ear. Admit all this to be no better than pedantic superfluity, yet will it not follow that Milton's learning did him any harm upon the whole, provided it appear to have improved him in matters of higher importance; and that it did so, is undeniable. This poet is not more eminent for strength and sublimity of genius, than for the art of his composition, which he owed partly to a fine taste in harmony, and partly to his accurate knowledge of the ancients. The style of his numbers has not often been imitated with success. It is not merely the want of rhyme, nor the diversified position of pauses, nor the drawing out of the sense from one line to another, far less is it the mixture of antiquated words and strange idioms that constitute the charm of Milton's versification; though many of his imitators, when they copy him in these or in some of these respects, think they have acquitted themselves very well. But one must study the best classic authors with as much critical skill as Milton did,

before one can pretend to rival him in the art of harmonious writing. For, after all the rules that can be given, there is something in this art which cannot be acquired but by a careful study of the ancient masters, particularly Homer, Demosthenes, Plato, Cicero, and Virgil; every one of whom, or at least the two first and the last, it would be easy to prove that Milton has imitated in the construction of his numbers.—In a word, we have good reason to conclude that Milton's genius, instead of being overloaded or encumbered, was greatly improved, enriched, and refined by his learning. At least we are sure this was his own opinion. Never was there a more indefatigable student. And from the superabundance of classic allusions to be met with in every page of his poetry, we may guess how highly he valued the literature of Greece and Rome, and how frequently he meditated upon it.'

List of Articles, which, with many others, will appear in the next Number of the C. R.

Characters of Fox, by Philopatris Varvicensis.

Wallace, or the Fight of Falkirk.

Marsh's Lectures.

Jones's History of Brecknock, concluded.

The Husband and the Lover.

Curwen's Hints on the Economy of Feeding Stock.

Beloe's Anecdotes of Literature.

N. B. The *Alphabetical Catalogue* of Books which appeared in January is printed at the end of the Appendix to Vol. XVIII. of the C. R. which is just published.